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NEWARK
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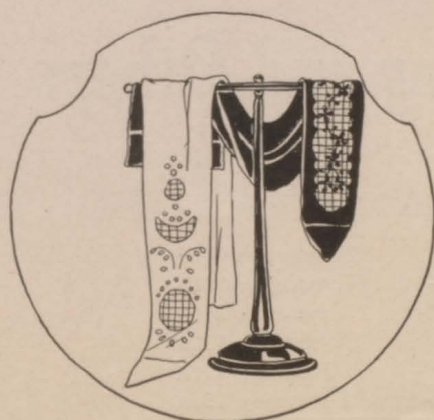
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Sunday, November 7	Alma Rubens	} "The World and his Wife"	Sunday, November 14	Charles Ray	"The Village Sleuth"
	and Montague Love		Monday-Tuesday, November 15-16	Alma Rubens	"Humoresque"
Monday-Tuesday, November 8-9	Marshall Neihlan's	"Go and Get It"	Wednesday, November 17	Bryant Washburn	"Sins of St. Anthony"
Wednesday, November 10	Katherine McDonald	"Passion's Playground"	Thursday, November 18	Elsie Ferguson	"Lady Rose's Daughter"
Thursday, November 11	Alice Joyce	"The Prey"	Friday, November 19	Franklyn Farnum	"The Desert Rat"
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THE PIVOT

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Faculty Adviser of the Class of
November 1920



Mr. J. Edwin Sinclair

Dedication

TO

Mr. J. Edwin Sinclair

OUR LOYAL ADVISER AND FRIEND

*does the Class of November 1920 most
affectionately dedicate this issue.*



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Co-Editor



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Editor-in-chief



Albert Zweifel
Business Manager

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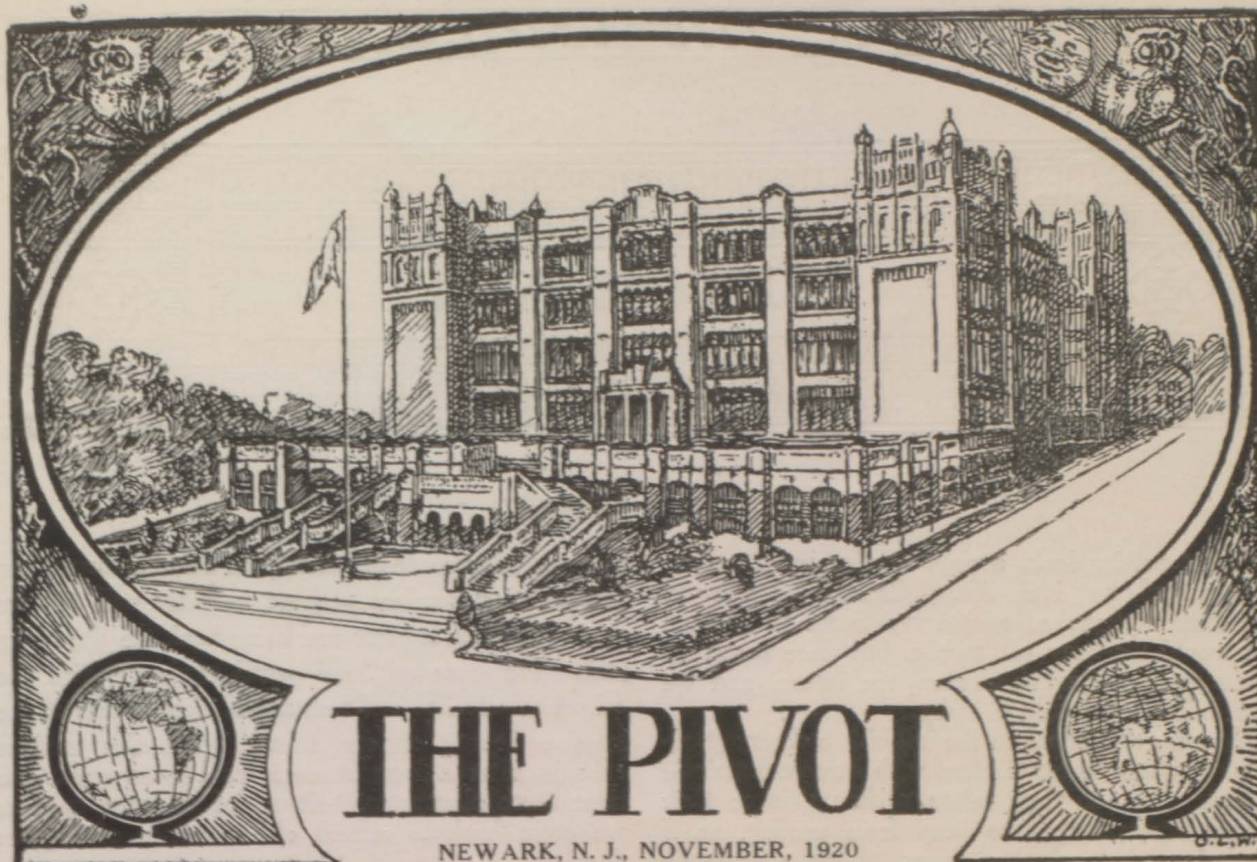
Viola Hammerschlag
City Editor



Max Tischler
Art Editor



Tillie Weinstein
Morning Forum Critic



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No. 2

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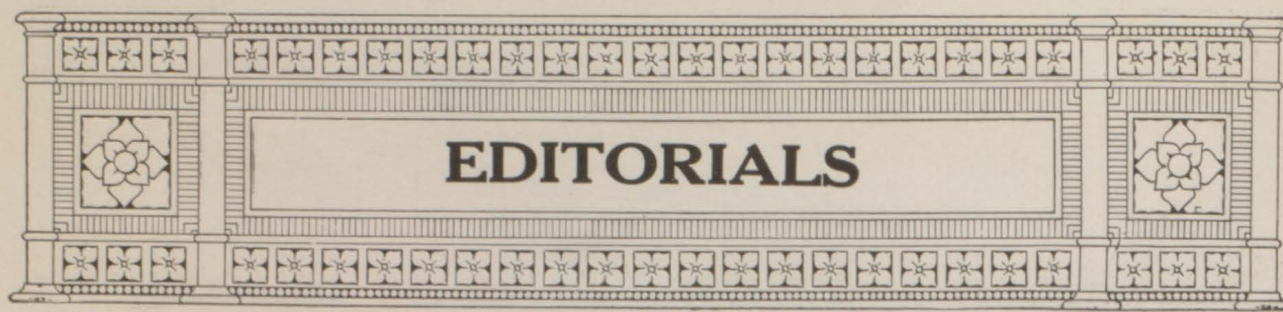
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CENTRAL, ADIEUX.

A last parting look, a sigh, a briny tear, and we have passed on into life. Central watches us with arms outstretched as if sorry to see us go, and fain would we tarry yet awhile, but there looms up before us like a white shadow the future, and we must follow, even though sadly.

No more the school on the hill bids a cheery good-morning; no more the teachers with humorous twinkle in their eyes, as they relate a funny joke; their learned brows arched to keep from smiling, as if wondering what seems so funny to make us laugh

so heartily; no more our friends of the classrooms, lost forever to us, unless perhaps in what will be, we again greet one another and bring back the days long past. No more of these—until again we visit the school to alleviate our heartaches, shed a tear at the massive beauty of our school, greet the teachers as only after a long absence from loved ones, and meet those classmates, beloved of us, who even as we come back to refresh old memories of happier days.

SWELL THE ORGAN FUND.

A Message to the Student, the Alumni, and the Public.

(Republished from August Issue.)

"There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced choir below;
In service high, and anthems clear,
So may with sweetness, thru mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

Milton—"Il Penseroso."

Such ecstasies we hope to feel in Central High when our \$10,000 organ is installed in the auditorium. It was first the intention for only the students of the school to carry out the project to install an organ and present Central High School as a musical center of the City of Newark. With the efforts of the Girls' Service Club \$1,000 has been realized during the past year. At this rate it would take until 1930 be-

fore Central would see her organ installed.

Now, friends of Central, both the general public and Central's Alumni, don't you wish to enjoy many musical evenings? We wish to make Central a music center for the people of Newark to hear and enjoy good music. Won't you help us get your organ?

Contributions are earnestly requested from both the Alumni and the public.

TO STUDENTS DESIRING PIVOT POSITIONS.

There are going to be several changes on THE PIVOT staff next term. All positions are filled by competitive examinations in which ability alone determines who is to be appointed.

Are you coming out? Examinations to be held during second week in November.

MR. NAPPI AT CLEVELAND.

Mr. James Nappi, a teacher of French and Spanish in Central for the past year, is now teaching at Cleveland School. Mr. Nappi, while with us, acquired friendship among both the student and faculty bodies and it was with sorrow that we learned of his transfer. We know that Mr. Nappi's teaching career at Cleveland will be as successful as it was at Central.

THE PIVOT

HAVE YOU JOINED THE HEALTH ARMY?

"Soldiers of Health" they are called, the school boys and girls who unite to sell Christmas Seals in order to help carry on the greatest battle that has ever been fought in the cause of good health. Hundreds are now actually engaged in the fight to ward off the greatest enemy known to mankind—Tuberculosis.

Are you in the fight? In other words, how many Christmas Seals are you going to sell this year? With the Christmas season fast approaching, you are already wishing all the world "A Merry Christmas." Aren't you going to include hundreds of helpless tuberculosis sufferers, hundreds of children threatened with tuberculosis in your greeting? If so, it is up to you to join the army and get in the fight—sell Christmas Seals, for it is the only means of providing health and happiness for your less fortunate brothers and sisters.

Selling Christmas Seals is one of the greatest means the New Jersey Tuberculosis League has for making

your city "A Healthy Place to Live In." It means that the health and comfort of hundreds of tuberculosis sufferers can be more thoroughly insured. It means a lowered death rate among the sufferers. It means that hundreds of the city's undernourished children who cannot afford a summer's vacation can be sent for a two weeks' outing to a healthy summer resort. It means that they will spend their vacation in the great outdoors rather than in the vicinity of the garbage cans in our congested tenement districts. They will come back stronger and healthier and better able to fight the great White Plague, life's deadliest enemy. Aren't you with us in this fight?

Are you with us? How many seals do you want?

Ask your teacher to supply you or write to Ernest D. Easton, Executive Secretary N. J. Tuberculosis League, 45 Clinton Street, Newark, N. J.

NORTH JERSEY TO HEAR GREAT ARTISTS.

The greatest concert opportunity that has ever been presented in this vicinity is announced by Joseph A. Fuerstman, manager of the World Famous Artists' Series. This series, to begin November 4th, is to take place in Newark, and will present the world's greatest artists, including Caruso, Farrar, Galli-Curci, Alma Gluck and Zimbalist, Madame Homer and daughter, Kreisler, Kubelik, Rachmaninoff, Schumann-Heink and others.

Opening on November 4, with Geraldine Farrar, the series will present in rapid succession a galaxy of artists whose names are household words.

Music lovers will welcome the information that the coming concerts are to be given at the Newark Ar-

mory, where it is possible for every one to hear. The false ceiling and stage installed by Mr. Fuerstman make the Armory as perfect acoustically as the great Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City, where the slightest whisper can be heard at the rear seats. Former subscribers will be given the privilege of retaining last season's reservations.

Subscriptions are now being received at the office of Joseph A. Fuerstman, 828 Broad street, Newark, N. J. Many subscribers are taking advantage of the unusual privilege of paying for their subscriptions on the deferred plan. The seats are priced within the reach of all lovers of music, ranging from \$10 to \$30 for the entire course, which will include not less than ten concerts.

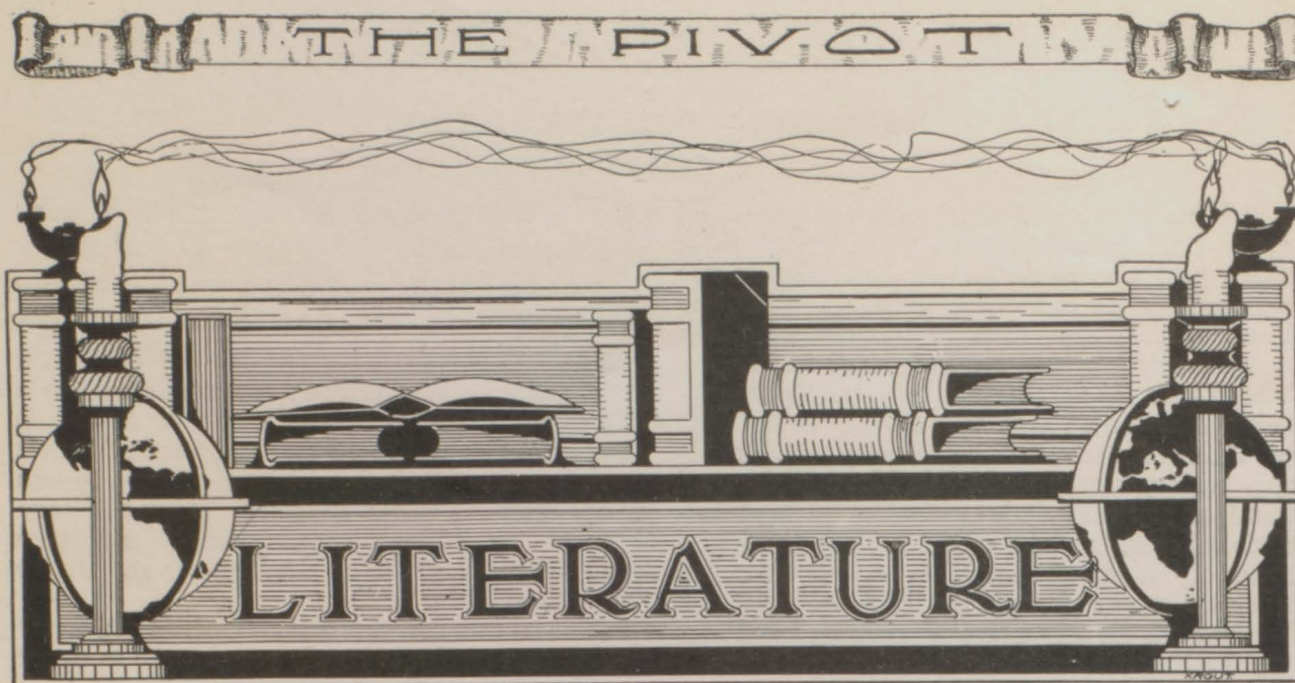
CENTRAL GIRL ADVANCES IN HER DANCING CAREER IN NEW YORK.

No mother could wish for a sweeter, more dignified daughter than little Miss Frances Mahan, the former Central High School girl, whose home is 55 Littleton Avenue, and who is one of the six toe dancers in the "Greenwich Village Follies' Production," which had its premiere in New York ten days ago. Miss Mahan stepped from the high school into the New York Hippodrome ballet a year ago and made such an impression that she was engaged by John Murray Anderson for his new edition of his "Follies."

Miss Mahan met with little opposition at home when she sought a stage career. In fact, her mother is realizing in Frances the aim which she once cherished—to go on the stage. After graduating from high school, Miss Mahan studied at a dancing school for a month, a brief preparation for an aspirant to a place in the ballet, "and," she says, "I am still studying."

—Newark Evening News.





THE HOUSE OF FEAR.

BY GERTRUDE TETELBAUM.

Many people object to hearing true stories on the grounds that they are not interesting or exciting enough. This is not true in all cases, as shown by the Howland tragedy, which occurred twenty years ago. In it one finds a combination of love, mystery and the supernatural. If my readers are willing to let me have a little of their time I shall be only too glad to relate it from the standpoint of one of its chief actors—myself!

When I was in the latter half of my teens an event occurred which was to change the whole course of my life. This was due to the house standing next to us, commonly known as "Huntington Manor." For years it had been unoccupied, as the last member of a distinguished family had died under peculiar circumstances. The mystery of his death had never been solved and from that time on stories began to circulate that the place was haunted. It was supposed that each night the ghost of the dead man returned and prowled throughout the entire house.

You can, therefore, imagine my surprise when one day I saw a moving-van draw up in front of it. In a moment the news spread like wildfire. The old haunted house had been sold to some strangers! They were going to live there! All that day, to the despair of my mother, I sat near the window trying to discover who the people were. However, I was doomed to disappointment. My four hours' vigil counted as nothing. It was not yet given to me to find out who the owner was—or for some time to come.

One day when I had nothing to do my mind unconsciously reverted to the mysterious strangers. Though I had not seen or heard of them yet, my curiosity was as strong as ever.

Suddenly on the impulse of the moment I decided to make a call. Without even taking the trouble to smooth down my unruly hair or straighten out my dress, I ran next door. With a bold movement I

pulled the rusty knocker. A jangling noise rang through the house and then silence. My first thought was to escape as soon as possible, but my curiosity overcame my sense of fear. Finally, after what seemed aeons, but in reality was but a few minutes, the door opened. There, standing on the threshold, was the strangest looking man I had ever seen. He was thin and small, with a yellow, parchment-like skin. But what sent the chills up and down my spine was his uncanny little eyes. They were of no particular color, but they burned with such a fierce intensity as to almost blind me. Eyeing me suspiciously, he asked what I wanted.

"Will you please," I faltered uneasily, "carry up this card to your mistress? She will not know who I am, as I have never been here before."

"Yes, Miss," he replied obsequiously, "I shall do as you ask."

Noiselessly he glided away. I was then left alone in the ugly little reception room. Again I was tempted to run away, but alas! it was too late. Someone was coming down the staircase, and had now entered the room. My heart beat wildly while a flood of color rushed to my face. I dared not even look up. My eyes became glued to the floor. At last, slowly venturing to raise my head, I saw—horror of horrors!—a man!

"Pardon me," he murmured in a rich baritone voice. "Did I keep you waiting long?"

Then without waiting for a reply he continued: "Won't you please sit down?"

I confess I never was so embarrassed in all my life. Idiot that I was, I kept repeating through clenched teeth. What had ever led me to suppose that a family could be living in such an awful place? Anyone with half an eye could see it belonged to a man—and I had dared to call upon him!

Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted.

"No doubt, Miss Marvelle," I heard the musical voice saying, "you expected a woman to greet you. Unfortunately my mother is indisposed and begs to be excused. I suppose I am a poor substitute," he added boyishly, "but I throw myself on your mercy."

At first I was furious at this unconventional reception, but later my anger died away. I had never gone through such an experience before and I determined to enjoy it to the fullest extent.

"Oh, do not apologize," I protested earnestly. "I am sorry to have caused you such trouble—but I will do foolish and impulsive things. Mother warned me that you would not be ready to receive yet, but, as usual, I did not heed her. You see, this house has been vacant so long that I could not resist finding out who had bought it. I know you will think me a prying old gossip, and you will not be far from wrong."

"A prying old gossip?" he repeated laughingly. "No; that could scarcely be applied to you. Pray believe me when I say I do not know how to appreciate your kindness in coming to make our acquaintance. The fact is, we do not know a soul in this town, and if you will consider us as one of your friends it would be the greatest fortune that could possibly have happened to us."

"Would you really like to be friends with me?" I exclaimed eagerly. "Wh—why, that would be great!"

Immediately I felt I could have bitten off my tongue before I had uttered these last words. What must this man think of me after I had shown how eagerly I desired his friendship? Like as not I had appeared to him as a bold, affected coquette, and this was only the first time I had met him. Strange as it may seem, I wanted to make a good impression on him, and I had failed miserably. Greatly confused, I arose with a start.

"W-w-well, I guess I must be going now. Good-bye, Mr.——" and then, to add to my confusion, I realized that I did not even know his name.

"Richard Howland," he amended laughingly. "What a chump I was not to have told you my name. Well, good-bye, Miss Marvelle. Once more let me thank you for having called upon us. If I am not mistaken we shall be great friends some day."

Dumbly I took the hand he proffered me. But try as I might I could not stop from blushing—though heaven alone knows why!

As soon as we had parted I made a dash for the door and in a few moments found myself at home.

Many weeks passed. To my chagrin I heard nothing from my new friend. One night when I was alone (my mother was away nursing a sick aunt) I heard the door bell being rung with more than usual violence. Startled, I jumped up and hurried to open it. There standing on the threshold was my neighbor, Richard Howland!

"Oh, Miss Marvelle," he exclaimed, in an agitated voice, "I've come to ask your help. My mother,

who is somewhat of an invalid, has just taken a turn for the worst. Will you please stay with her a few moments while I get the doctor." And with a hasty murmur of thanks, he disappeared into the night.

A short time after I was shown up to Mrs. Howland's room. There lying on the bed was the tiniest and most wizened looking woman it had ever been my misfortune to meet. Her hair was of a coarse grey texture, and hung in straggly locks over her face. Her skin was as old and yellow as parchment, but what caught my attention was her peculiar eyes. They, too, were small and dark and burned with the same unearthly light.

"Where have I seen her before?" I kept asking myself. "Where have I seen her before?"

For a long time I racked my brain but no answer was forthcoming. Suddenly, a thought struck me. I had found what I wanted. It was not she whom I had seen before, but her exact image—the butler!

By this time I was wild with fear. I determined to escape at any cost. Just as I was about to leave the room, my attempt was frustrated by the appearance of my neighbor and Dr. Grayson. Greatly abashed, I drew back. I had promised to be Richard Howland's friend and at the first opportunity I had to help him I had shrunk back like a coward.

With a business-like air the physician hurried to the bedside of his patient, and for the time being Mr. Howland and I adjourned to the next room.

"Miss Marvelle," said Richard Howland, "how can I ever thank you for the service you have done me tonight? To tell the truth, I really don't know what to say—your kindness has so overwhelmed me. However (taking my hand in his, and speaking volumes with his eyes) we will speak more of this another time."

At this moment our conversation was interrupted by the appearance of the doctor. With a pang we perceived his frowning face. Things, indeed, must be pretty serious.

"Elise," said the doctor, in his usual abrupt fashion, "how would you like to act as Mrs. Howland's nurse? She is in rather a dangerous condition, but with your help I think I can pull her through. Do you think you would care to try it?"

I allowed a short moment of hesitation to precede my answer.

Mother would certainly object to my playing nurse again—besides, she was considerably prejudiced against these people who, she declared, were afraid to show their faces in the daytime.

Just at this moment I happened to catch Mr. Howland's eyes. They appeared so eager and beseeching at the same time, that I knew I could never refuse him.

"I have fully decided, Dr. Grayson," I heard myself saying, in a strange voice. "I will remain here with Mrs. Howland. What do you wish me to do? I am quite ready to begin now."

The doctor once more assuming his professional

(Continued on page 46)

HEART O' STONE.

BY FRANCES E. PEARL.

She was very eccentric—that was evident. Her wealthy parents understood her enough to know that she was a girl of moods and impulses and let her have her own way. Her acquaintances—not friends, you see, 'cause no one could claim that coveted position—either loved or hated her, but could not fathom her characteristics. Those who did not know much about her proclaimed her a "sarcastic, high-falutin' precocious young miss" and wished that they were her friends.

That was Panx Emloss, and after hearing the above opinions about her, all that I can add is, that she was as odd as her surname—Panx.

In school her classmates decreed that she was "without a heart." Everyone knew how, on a rainy morning, when Roy Heriz overtook her on the way to school and offered her the protection of his umbrella, she slapped his face and trudged on for more than a mile to school.

"As if," they said, "she were a queen, and he a slave who dared be presumptuous to his superior."

Many such incidents in which the temperament of Panx Emloss revealed itself occurred, so, by the time that the girl reached her senior year in Busrit High School, she enjoyed solitude, which her classmates knew enough to give her.

There was no doubt that Panx was the cleverest student in school; yes, in the whole school. Her eccentricities had wormed themselves into her school work in such a manner that it was enjoyment for her teachers and classmates to hear her talk and read her writings. The girl betrayed no partiality among her subjects, but she was most enthusiastic (if Panx Emloss could be possessed of such a feeling) during her English period.

One day Busrit High had for a visitor one Baron Sukloff, recently from "Over There." The nobleman recounted the scenes which he had witnessed during the war. His story was a very pathetic one. The female part of his audience were moved to tears, which frankly left their dwelling places to course down cheeks and noses in rivulets. Teachers and boys sniffed and wiped away suspicious moisture. Panx Emloss alone was unmoved. She listened to the speaker attentively. His gesticulations and loud voicings made no apparent impression upon her. The girl's mouth was twisted in a sarcastic smile and one raised eyebrow betrayed an unknown emotion.

Later, when the girls were discussing the incident, one exclaimed:

"That Panx Emloss! I don't see what she is made of! Why, girls, do you know that she sat there just listening with that inscrutable smile, never letting her eyes off the Baron, while the rest of us were crying? Goodness! she must have a heart of stone."

"Yes," echoed the rest, "she must have a heart of stone!"

Months passed. Nothing of importance had oc-

curred in the little world at Busrit to alter the opinion maintained about Panx.

"Heart o' Stone," she had been dubbed. Once, it was reported, she had heard some one speak of her by that term.

"Honest," said that person, "when Panx turned and stared at me with that awful expression on her face I thought—ugh!"

* * * *

One late summer afternoon a crowd of Busrites were assembled on the plaza of their school. Loud voices were heard, and, together with other symptoms, indicated that something quite unusual had happened.

Roy Heriz was speaking.

"Yes, that's just what happened. Just imagine! Our 'Heart o' Stone'! I knew that she was not as bad as she paints herself. All right, Dick, I'll tell you again what happened."

The crowd surged nearer to Roy, who began:

"You all know that my fifth period is a free one. Well, I was walking thru the lunch room when I heard a low, soft crooning, but could see no one. I ventured nearer to the source of the sounds, and coming near the counter, I peeped over and saw—gosh! it sure gripped me! There was Panx Emloss—cold, proud Miss Emloss—kneeling on the oiled floor before a dog. The animal was very dirty and bruised. She must have bandaged it, for its paw was covered with some lace to form a bandage. She was patting the brute and crooning to it. Then she tiptoed over to the garbage pile, and, folks—she, Panx Emloss—stuck her aristocratic hand into the filthy garbage and extracted tid-bits which she fed to the mutt. You should have seen the almost human expression of gratitude and worship in the dog's eyes. Then she picked the dog up in her arms and carried it down and out of the building. I followed her, unseen, for a short distance till she stopped at Mrs. Balton's house and delivered the dog to the widow. She gave her some money, also, said something, and after giving a final caress to the dog went back to school.

"I learned from Mrs. Balton that the girl had given her money to care for the dog. Furthermore, the widow told me that Panx has brought food and clothing to the widow and several other destitute families. But she does so anonymously. Only Mrs. Balton knows who the benefactress to many families is. And do you know that Mrs. Monner, who donated to our new gym, is none other than our 'Heart o' Stone'? Well, she is!"

Murmurs of astonishment filled the air. Suddenly one boy exclaimed:

"Sh—here she comes!"

Panx was strolling along the campus. Her impersonal glance fell upon the group and one eyebrow was raised in characteristic question.

(Continued on page 44)

AN ESSAY ON SUMMER.

AN ESSAY ON SUMMER.

Summer is the reason we long for winter. Its chief attractions and main features are Newport, water-wings, and silk hose.

Mack Sennett's bathing beauties come out from their long winter's hibernation, while the rest of the girls grow a new coat of summer furs. It's the season when the teachers go to the place we wished them to be in the winter. As a result of it, the school gets rid of us in one year less, thus changing the valedictory speech to read, "For three long years, yes, and more for some of us."

As nights grow warm, the young man indulges in games with small cubes, marked on the sides with one to six spots, for in these modern times the chap who can't play alley-tennis has about as much fun as an Eskimo in a Turkish bath.

About this time there is as much use for ear muffs, snowshoes, and hot air as there is for Venus de Milo's arms.

Nature summons forth her other three Muses, hives, prickly heat and poison ivy, and, as the poets have it, a good time is had by all.

But mentioning poets,

"What is so rare as a day in June,

When the lawn mower's rusty and all out of tune."

Is there anything quite so expressive as the lawn mower? Impaired by its nine months of inactivity it frisks about the neighboring plot at break of day, knocking over every blade of grass that's never too mean "to be some happy creature's palace," in a pandemonium of noise and frenzy, while seeming to say "ger-up, ger-up, ger-up."

Remember when Pluto went ahead and abducted Proserpine in his road cootie? No more of that now, 'specially—also specialty—in the summer time. The modern youth merely has to be seen in his car and they flock to him. Well, as the good old Roman Con-

gressman would say, "Tempora mutantur; et nos mutamur in illis," meaning, "It ain't what it used to be." History tells us that the Indians finding the birch tree invented the canoe and used it for purposes of transportation and warfare. How it has degenerated! Today we stuff it up with pillows and other accessories for the purpose of taking out our best girl and many others like her.

As hot weather sets in, how we all love to gather 'round the old electric fan, away from the proboscis of the mosquito and the ravings of the cricket. Ah, friends, and then to place an ice-bag upon your head and pretend being a polar bear. Together with these pleasures we have the satisfaction of knowing that the bike season commences, and Pop Grenda and his bunch go racing around the Velodrome while Pop Neptune and his Tritons go frolicking about the sea-shores.

What would summer be without Barnum & Bailey's parade, Babe Ruth's home run, and half the girls not bobbing their hair? My only regret is that it goes ahead and turn out such characters as the golf fiend, the hot dog masticator, the bike fan, the spendthrift who spends an entire day at Hillside Park, and Professor Anderson, who explodes puffed rice eight times their normal size, then gives us seven recipes for preparing them in this abnormal state.

Before concluding, let us dwell upon this important fact: Shakespeare made the 15th of March famous, but the straw lid bestowed lasting fame upon the 15th of September. Besides preserving your pompadour and preventing a freckled countenance, it serves another purpose. We wouldn't even know when it was summer if it were not for the straw hat.

If, then, according to Hoyle, variety is the spice of life, summer must be an aromatic salad.

JOSEPH ADOLF.

WINTER AS IT IS ROASTED.

Winter is the only time we can rub our hands together without being called profiteers. It's the one excuse the student gives his teacher when asked why the arpeggios went wrong, and the only section of the year we envy the Bolshevik for his abundant supply of down.

We return to the city plantation after a long sojourn at our Long Island country home and begin by taking away the screens and jollying the furnace, thus drinking the cup to the dregs by carrying out the ashes. Pretty soon mother begins to reap the benefits from her season's canning and preserving.

During the night you begin to uppercut your jaw with your knees and start to play "Il Trovatore" on your chattering teeth while mother gets up and piles on the blankets to prevent our getting cold feet.

Thermometers come in handy, for with the first serious dropping of mercury all furs are discarded with an air of utter nonchalance to men's br'r's. Sweaters and brows are knit, rubbers are rubbered for. Muffs are never muffed and bathing suits go to the moths. Short vamps wear long vamps and long

vamps wear short vamps. Fellows don overcoats, darn socks and feel felt hats are a necessity. Paper suits are not exactly the rage, but silk stockings and pumps are pressed into service to protect one's self from the biting wind.

At the first signs of cold weather a select bunch incorporate themselves into what is known as a football team, for the sole purpose of inflicting punishment on various other organizations of similar tendencies. Hairs and heads are split over touchdowns. Yale and Harvard resume their annual little wrangle and Oscar comes home a little hoarse.

As winter nips us in the bud, wherever that is, the Manhattan Opera House opens. Fuerstman gets busy trying to fill up the Armory seats; people are dense enough to try to follow the plots of the musical comedies at the Broad, while Gatti fumigates the Metropolitan. In other words, theatres and musical centers are in the pink of condition. But speaking of colors, pink noses become ubiquitous stimulated by both weather and hootch-hounds. People stop

(Continued from page 44)

SENIOR PROPHECY

IT MIGHT HAPPEN.

BY GERTRUDE TETELBAUM.

One day when I had nothing to do I picked up a book which was labeled the Centralia Directory. Opening it casually, my eyes wandered down the printed list of names. The first thing that attracted my attention was the name David Roskein, D. D. Immediately I became thoughtful. Where had I heard that name, I wondered; it certainly sounded familiar. But though I strained every nerve to remember, I finally gave it up as hopeless. The next familiar names I came across were listed among the S's. They were Schein & Weichadel, Teachers of Social Dancing. Well, well, I said to myself, wonders will never cease. Our Senior Class voted them the best dancers and they certainly took it seriously. I wonder what they would say if I came to visit them? Perhaps they will be able to tell me what happened to the rest of the class, and goodness knows I'm anxious enough to hear from them. No sooner said than done. In a short time I had motored over to Centralia, which was not so small after all. Jumping out of my Fierce Barrow roadster, I ran up the steps and rang the bell. The door immediately opened and there standing in front of me was the trimmest maid I had ever seen. But instead of taking the card I proffered her, she stared at me with a deadly fixity. Then—a light breaking over her face.

"Hello, Gert, old pal," she exclaimed, heartily. "Don't you know who I am—the 1920 class baby?"

For a moment I was stunned. Well, Ruth Daniels, of all people! I certainly must have been blind not to have recognized her.

After reminiscing for a half-hour I was finally shown in. I beheld two couples dancing. The tall, graceful fellow I surmised must be Roy, for he had changed very little since high school days. Catching sight of me, he raised a cry and, of course, Cecelia followed suit. I was then introduced to their pupils, who were no other than Jessie Kurtz and Matthew Kraftowitz, who intended to go into vaudeville. Suddenly a thought struck me.

"By the way," I murmured sweetly, "do you happen to know of any person in Centralia by the name of Roskein? If I'm not mistaken he's a minister by profession and such people are usually known."

Both looked at me queerly.

"Do you mean to say," they chimed in chorus, "that you have forgotten the one-time editor of the PIVOT? Why, Gertrude, I'm surprised at you, above any one else, to forget."

For a moment I did hold my head in shame. I

certainly must be growing old, I thought, to have forgotten such a prominent personage.

But I was not destined to remain long that way.

"Listen Gert," Cecelia said to me, "would you like to have some fun? Mary Eagle is going to marry Leon Kapp this afternoon and Dr. Roskein's to officiate. Let's all go to the wedding—we're still in time to witness the ceremony."

Delighted, I fell in with the idea, and we whirled away in my little red car.

In front of the church was the largest crowd I ever beheld. It was only after much pushing that we finally reached the door. As I was about to go in, I felt someone seize my arm. Turning around I searched for the culprit. But the only person near me was a big burly policeman.

"Harry Youngmans!" I gasped.

Yes, it was indeed he. Unfortunately, however, we could not talk to each other. Harry was too busy keeping back the crowd.

The wedding certainly was a delightful affair. The blushing bride and the happy bridegroom made as pretty a picture as one could wish. But the bridesmaids were the chief attractions. They were, as I soon found out, Mollie Braelow and Rose Berkelhamer—it was truly a Central affair. And, oh yes! I must not forget the minister's wife, Mrs. Roskein. I soon found out that she, too, was an old friend of mine and formerly known as Tillie Weinstein. After the ceremony was over a proposal was made that we go to the Follies. Of course this idea pleased all of us and in a few moments we arrived at Figfield's. The bill was an exceptionally good one. The stars of the performance were two golden-haired beauties, and upon looking at my programme I discovered them to be Frances Pearl and Edna Kritzmacher. Well, I thought to myself, I always suspected Edna of having something up her sleeve and, as usual, I was right.

At this moment my attention was distracted from my sarsaparilla by a good-looking couple sitting next to me. Just as I was about to ask who they were, the girl came flying towards me and gathered me in her arms. Immediately her method of greeting me awoke old memories. There was only one person who could embrace like that and that was Mary Jorgensen. Timidly I whispered her name; I dared not look up.

"Yes, it is Mary," I heard someone saying, "but also Mrs. Clarence Lee Mann!"

I was then introduced to that good-looking hus-

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band. In a short time we became old friends. Proudly they spoke of the pair of twins at home, and at this moment the performance was interrupted by a terrible uproar. Turning around I perceived two men engaged in a terrific struggle. Upon inquiring I found out they were two celebrities—Louis Thum, the head-waiter, and Franklin Lang, the boxer, famous in the sporting world as "The Battling Bantam." The cause of the fight, as usual, was due to a woman. It seems that Thum had dared to smile to Lang's lady friend and the latter becoming jealous had started the rumpus. (Oh, yes, before I forget the lady in question was the one and only Teckla Gaubis). But sad to relate, the fight ended disastrously. Thum was so badly hurt that taking pity on him I drove him to the nearest hospital.

By some strange coincidence I found this place also in a great uproar. Ruth Meirick, another member of the November, 1920, class, had accidentally over-worked her jaw by talking and in order to prevent future dumbness an immediate operation was necessary. Edna Lovenberg, the star of the hospital, was to be her nurse and in her uniform she looked positively ravishing. But the doctor gave me the surprise of my life. He was no other than Albert Zweibel and I heard whispers of a pretty romance between this handsome fellow and the nurse.

Upon speaking with him I learned more news of the class. Gerald Higgons was running for State Chicken Inspector, while his opponents were Henrietta Peretzman and Bertha Gelfand. This certainly was news to me, but then Gerald was always active in political circles.

Edward Zimmerman, our class beauty, was reputed to be a notorious heart-breaker. Up to this date he had wrecked more than a dozen happy homes and it was rumored he was soon to join forces with Beda Thara in an attempt to wreck the lives of all theatre managers.

After this bit of news Albert proudly showed me around the hospital. The first place that we visited was the office. It was a large, well-furnished room, and clicking away at the typewriters were four lovely stenographers—Sophie Waldman, Theresa Schlegel,

Rose Cohn and Sara Gellis. Of course we talked over "old times" and from them I also gleaned some interesting facts.

Rose Deixel was the owner of an exclusive French millinery shop and known to society as Madame Rosette Van Dyke.

Elizabeth Eidenbaum and Eva Michaels were saleswomen for Jack Lehrfeld's gold-tipped toothpicks and it was said that Jack was fast becoming a millionaire.

Cupid had again claimed two victims of our November, 1920, class—Isadore Grabenchik and Rose Silverstein. Isadore had just invented a process for turning out themes and there was talk of setting up a monument to him by all the Service Clubs of Centralia.

During the time I had been talking with the girls Albert had become extremely impatient. Taking pity on him I was finally forced to say good-bye, though I had not yet heard of Mildred Lippmann and Edward Charles. Albert, however, was able to give me news of them. Charles was fast becoming famous as a dog-catcher, while Mildred had recently come into the limelight by burying her thirteenth husband.

By this time I had heard of everybody and as it was growing late I finally parted from him. It certainly had been an exciting day for me and for the first time I realized how tired I was. Besides my own children were waiting for me at home. They were my little Mary, Richard the rascal, and Helena. I could just picture them, clustered around the fireplace, waiting to be fondled. What if a stray flame should happen to fall upon them! Inwardly I shuddered at this horrible picture, and with true motherly solicitude I could hardly wait until I got home. Yes, even though they had caused me a great deal of trouble, I loved them dearly. At last what seemed aeons but in reality was but a short time, I finally reached home. Scarcely waiting to take off my things I ran into the library where the children were usually to be found. Sure enough they were there and as safe as when I had left them. There, standing upright on the shelf, were my books, "My Little Mary," "Richard the Rascal" and "Helena"—the children of my brain!

THE END.

ON THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

When I go to school in the morning, on a lovely day like this, the bright sunshine and the nipping wind just fill my heart with bliss. I just have to go a little way before I meet my pal, and, incidentally, let me say she's one fine gal. We talk about the who go to Central High and that we know

with him Brother Leo—course you know I class—he

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CONFESSIONS OF A SENIOR.

It was a rainy day in November. The light was fading in the sky. Curtains of pearly mist shut out the heavens, while far off the hills seemed to look up toward the clouds and smile. I walked to the window to cast a glance outside. Not a soul was visible on the street. The gardens and lawns of the newly washed houses seemed dreary, while the wind and rain played on the barren branches of its trees. Suddenly it grew darker. Faint lights started to glimmer through the window panes of the neighboring abodes. With a look of dismay, I turned away to pick up a book. Even reading did not appeal to me then. The book fell into my lap while happy thoughts of my years at Central flowed into my mind.

I can still remember the day not quite four years ago, when several of us trudged to school one cold February morning at 8 o'clock. This was to be our first appearance in Central. Like One Bees, we all wore our graduation dresses or rather costumes, with large red bows and ties and even the class colors pinned on our dresses. Gentle readers, don't misconstrue my early appearance the first day, for I am not an early bird. After the first attendance, I gained a reputation for coming to school two seconds of nine with all my wraps on, as red as a tomato, and trying to dodge detention if perchance the bell rang while I was in the hall. At present I run all the way while kind passers-by run after me with my lost belongings. My favorite hobby is losing books.

To return to my original topic, I would like to state that I felt quite prominent on the first day of my arrival—until—I quarrelled with a Senior. (The Board of Censorship will not permit me to state the name she called me). But this was not all. Even my revered teachers were displeased with me and they certainly did express their thoughts in words. Thus I struggled for a year.

My greatest triumph occurred when I became a Sophomore, for then I was also privileged to tease the One Bees. At this time I also discovered that the only way I could make a success was by studying and I studied. I absorbed knowledge and made myself and others happy.

Thus I struggled for two years. But how quickly Time flew! I awoke one morning and found myself

a "Junior." This title sounds rather nice considering the fact that it's far from the beginning and near the end of the High School career. It was at this time that I spent my afternoons from 3 to 4 dreaming away in the "Haunted Room." The teacher's voice saying, "Miss, your presence is requested in this room tomorrow," was the only thing that could wake me and keep me awake the next day.

At last, but alas! I couldn't believe myself, I became a senior. I considered this last term a period of reconstruction, for I had to repair all the havoc I caused during my stay at Central. To some (those who generally flunked) it was a time of distress and bitter tears. Others (diligent workers) welcomed their last year joyfully. Many of us reached our goal, while others stayed behind. On the evening of commencement I felt happy, but when I saw the diploma in my hand and realized that I must leave all my friends and teachers, I shed bitter tears.

A smile played on my lips as I thought of all my happy days at Central. Suddenly the deep darkness of the night descended and plunged the room into the black shades of evening. The wind blew and the rain poured down heavily. My room was dark, but what did I care? A sudden sadness overtook me. I wondered what would become of all my classmates. With a leap I turned on the lights, opened the book which lay in my lap and by chance came across several sentences appropriate to my thoughts. "Who shall be the heralds of the future? Who shall tread the way of safety and progress through life's great problems?"

You, students, you. You will be the future citizens of this wonderful republic of ours. At present we have a right to be proud of our vast material success, our national power and advancing civilization. But all this wealth has been secured by men who have become successful by years of toil and suffering. The past is across the water, the future is here in our keeping. We, as the future citizens of this grand republic, must help to do all that can be done to benefit this country and mankind on the whole. As a farewell greeting I would like to say, "May you be true to yourselves and faithful to your mission."

BERTHA GELFAND.

WHO'S WHO IN CENTRAL AND WHY!

President Girls' Service Club; Sec-

Country Team;

Edna Lovenberg: Secretary Girls' Service Club; Vice-President 4A Class.

Dorothy Mulgrave: Co-Editor The Pivot; Girls' Service Club.

Id Roskein: President Central Service Club; President ex-officio Committee.

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ROSTER OF ORGANIZATIONS.

CENTRAL SERVICE CLUB

President, David Roskein; Vice President, Jack Wehlreich; Secretary, Edward Greenspan. Faculty Advisor, Dr. Mones.

GIRLS' SERVICE CLUB

President, Mary Eagle; Vice President, Grace Mass; Secretary, Edna Lovenberg; G. O. Delegate, Jessie Kurtz; Sergeant-at-Arms, Lillian Rosenbaum. Faculty Advisor, Miss Rosecrans.

THE PIVOT

Editor-in-Chief, David Roskein; Co-Editor, Dorothy Mulgrave; Associate Editors, Leon Kapp and Gertrude Tetelbaum; Business Mgr., Albert Zweibel.

EMPLOYMENT BUREAU

Student Manager, Gerald Higgons; Assistant Student Manager, Blenda Jeppson; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Rentz.

CLASS OF DECEMBER, 1920

President, Leon Kapp; Vice President, Edna Lovenberg; Secretary, Mary Eagle; Treasurer, Lewis Thum.

CLASS OF MARCH, 1921

President, Jack Wohlreich; Vice President, Libby Satz; Secretary, Matilda Siegel; Treasurer, Jack Steinberg; G. O. Delegate, Harry Mann.

CLASS OF MAY, 1921

President, Wilson Hobson; Vice President, Viola Hammerschlag; Secretary, Dorothy White; Treasurer, Beatrice Levinson; G. O. Delegate, Christine Manderson.

JOURNALIST CLUB

President Ex-Officio, David Roskein; Vice President Ex-Officio, Albert Zweibel; Secretary, Viola Hammerschlag.

CENTRO CASTELLANO

President, Gerald Higgons; Vice President, Lament Calder; Secretary, Betty Roth; Treasurer, Nicholas Mazzi; G. O. Delegate, Herbert Shapiro.

GIRLS' A. A.

President, Alma Woelper; Secretary, Helen Troian; Treasurer, Alma Knudsen.

TECHNICAL CLUB.

President, Walter Aurnhammer; Vice President, Carl eil; Secretary, Kenneth Schlenker; G. O. Delegate, Frank Stephany; Business Manager, William Herman.

CHESS AND CHECKERS CLUB

President, George Cooper; Vice President, Gerald Higgons; Treasurer, Thomas Perkins; Business Manager, Harold Brown; Secretary, Evelyn Wexler; Publicity Secretary, Theodore Abeles; Faculty Advisor, Mr. Berk.

ADVERTISING CLUB

President Ex-Officio, Albert Zweibel; Vice President Ex-Officio, David Roskein. Faculty Advisor, Mr. Mumma.

BARNSTORMERS

President, Benjamin Blum; Temporary Secretary, Mildred Schweitzer. Faculty Advisor, Mr. Lesser.

THE UMPIRE.

(Parody on Johnson's Vanity.)

From every diamond gleams the umpire's pride,
How just his word let none of us decide.
A head of adamant, by fury fired:
Quite few are walked, but many are retired.
O'er balls, o'er strikes, extends his peaceful reign,
Unenvied lord of bruises and of pain.
The time approaches, he slinks from his lair;
No joy for him such gentle contests bear.
Meanwhile the fans their clam'rous voices raise;
Their duty is to blame and not to praise.
He tries to please—his labor is in vain;
His day will not begin till none remain
On field or bleachers, till pop-bottles fly,
And all is black against the azure sky.
The game begins in military state;
Decisions, by him made, increase the hate:
Stern fury rules supreme among the host,
But fighters barricade his exit most.
He leaves, not gently hurried on his way:
Gone bruised ump, gone happy, happy day.
The angry fans leave bleachers, field and stands;
He lends his miseries to tender hands;
Condemn'd the useful arnica to wait,
While coppers interpose and men debate.
He had a name which in paper did loom,
But, sad related, now adorns his tomb.

—GERALD W. HIGGONS.

ALL THE WORLD'S A SCHOOLDAY.

All the world's a schoolday,
And all the boys and girls are pupils;
They make their entrance at nine and exit at three
(sometimes),
And one student in a day plays many parts,
His acts being the eight periods. At first assembly
Where he sits and talks under the teacher's eyes.
And then bookkeeping, with its satchel and bundles,
And then English where he yawns and sighs over
Some dull ballad. Gymnasium comes next
With strange commands and curious dress,
Where he learns to be a soldier and earns a rep.
Next comes music with its pep and vigor.
And then lunch period, the heights of his career,
Where he judges sandwiches with eyes severe,
Here he tells wise cracks and stories of the hour
Then he goes back to work. The next age shifts
Into Latin and deep discussion. With homework un-
prepared
His big manly voice pipes a bluff which does not work.
Last scene of all, that ends this eventful misery
Is physics where childishness and stupidity prevail,
He goes home, sans books, sans money, but with a
girl.

—SYLVESTER KLEIN.



Boarding for the field



Friendly Enemies



All Central's here



Our Guide



Members
Central Service Club



Members, G.S.C. & Mr. Wiener.



Senior Members,
Central Service Club



Blenda Jeppson



"Joe" "Didi"
"Jimmy" "Bottles"



Harmony Class, 1920



Senior Members Girls' Service



Action



Bob Hooper



Familiar Scene



Munching it



"Mac" Tischler
helped win
the Barringer game



D. Roskein, Al. Zweibel
T. Weinstein,



Officers, Senior A Class



Miller, injured at Trenton



Lassies on the plaza



Senior dance committee



Girls' A. A.

Senior Autographs

Class of November, 1920



PRESIDENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

KAPP, LEON

751 Bergen Street

General. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"Silence is golden."

President Senior Class (8); President Tennis Club (6); Central Service Club (5, 6, 7, 8); Treasurer (6); President (7); Varsity Basketball Team (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Varsity Football Team (5); Barnstormers (4, 5); Secretary (5); Journalist Club (5, 6, 7); Secretary (5); A. A. (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Chairman 4C Prom Committee; Pivot Board (5, 6, 7, 8); Circulation Manager (5); Associate Editor (8); Alpha Club (4, 5); Omega Club (4, 5); Science Club (1, 2); Cycle Club (2, 3); Student Manager of the Lunch Room (5, 6, 7, 8); winner of English "C" (7).



VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SENIOR CLASS

LOVENBERG, EDNA E.

104 Bleecker Street

General. Prospects: Nursing.

"A merrier girl I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Girls' Service Club (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Secretary Girls' Service Club (8); Vice-President 4A Class; Glee Club (8); Journalist Club (6); Advertising Committee of Senior Pivot (8).



SECRETARY OF THE SENIOR CLASS

EAGLE, MARY

19 Peshine Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"Loveliness needs not the foreign aid of ornament."

Girls' Service Club (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); President Girls' Service Club (8); Secretary 4C Class; Secretary 4A Class; Senior Dance Committee (8); Girls' Athletic Association (5); Chairman Senior Pivot Board.



TREASURER OF THE SENIOR CLASS

THUM, LOUIS

41 Charlton Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: U. of P.

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."*

Central Battalion (1, 2); First Aid Corps (3, 4); Science Club (3, 4, 5); Class Relay (7); Chess and Checkers Club (8); Treasurer 4A Class.



BERKELHAMER, ROSE

12 Avon Place

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"She meant no wrong to any,
She thought the good of many."*

Girls Service Club (8); Omega (2, 3); Girls' Athletic Association (1, 2, 3); Journalist Club (5, 6, 7).



BRAELOW, MOLLIE J.

32 Monmouth Street

General. Prospects: Normal.

"Nods and becks and wreathed Smiles."



COHEN, ROSE

129 Somerset Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"Come, let us go, while we are in our prime."

Chess and Checkers Club (7, 8); Journalist (5, 6); Knitting Club (6, 7); Dancing Class (3, 4); W. H. Debating Society (2, 3).



DANIEL, RUTH

64 Stratford Place

3½-Year Student. Commercial Spanish. Prospects: College.

"Good things come in small packages."

Woodrow Wilson Debating Club (3); Glee Club (6, 7).



DEIXEL, ROSE M.

409 South Seventh Street

3½-Year Student. College Preparatory. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"A blithe heart makes a blooming visage."

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); W. H. Debating Society (1, 2); Girls' A. A. (2, 3); W. W. Debating Society (3, 4); Journalist Club (6, 7, 8); Chess and Checkers (7, 8); Girls' Service Club (7, 8); Barnstormers (2, 3); Senior Pivot Board.



EIDENBAUM, ELIZABETH

56 Boston Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"A smiling conscience, a contented mind."

Girls' Athletic Association (3, 4, 5, 6); Chess and Checkers Club (7, 8); Dancing Class (5, 6).



GAUBIS, TECKLA E.

183 Isabella Avenue

Arts. Prospects: Undecided.

"Virtue is bold and goodness never fearful."

Girls' Service Club (7, 8); Glee Club (5, 6, 7, 8).



GELFAND, BERTHA

89 Prince Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Business.

"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."

Pivot Reporter (5, 6); Omega (3); Alpha (3); W. H. Debating Society (2); Bank Teller (2, 3); Dancing Class (2, 3); Girls' A. A. (3, 4, 5, 6); Editor "Loyal American" (5, 6); G. O. Executive (6, 7); Girls' Service Club (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Potato Essay Contest (4); Spanish Club (8); Scholarship (2, 3); Senior Pivot Board.



GELLIS, SARA

9 Charlton Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"As quiet as an owl by day."

W. H. Debating Society (3, 4, 5, 6); Knitting Club (6, 7); Journalist Club (5, 6, 7); Girl Scouts (4, 5); Dancing Class (1, 2, 3, 4).



GRABENCHIK, ISADORE

214 Court Street

Commercial German. Prospects: Undecided.

"Speech is great, but silence is greater."

Scholarship Award (1, 6); Accountant, Pivot (7, 8); Class Relay (6); Central Service Club (8); Senior Pivot Board (8).



HIGGONS, GERALD W.

47 Conklin Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Accounting. N. Y. U.

"Hail to the chief who in triumph advances."

Scholarship Prize (4); G. O. Executive Board (5, 6, 7, 8); Old English "C" (7, 8); Manager Employment Bureau (7, 8); Assistant Manager (6); Manager Indoor Track Team (5); Manager Outdoor Track Team (6); Manager Central Indoor Meet (5); Central Service Club (7, 8); Substitute Spanish Teacher (8); Chess and Checkers Club (6, 7, 8); President (6); Centro Castellano (6, 7, 8); President (8); Advertising Club (6, 7, 8); Secretary (6, 7); Journalist Club (6, 7); Pivot Reporter (2, 3, 4, 5); Farm (1); Economy Club (6); G. O. Delegate 4C Class; Secretary 4B Class; Senior Pivot Board (8).



JORGENSEN, MARY

685 South 20th Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"We never grow weary of her fellowship."

Girls' Service Club (7, 8); Pivot Board Staff Typist (7, 8); Girls' A. A. (6, 7, 8); Cartoonist Club (1); Knitting Club (3, 4); Science Club (3); G. O. Delegate 4B Class (7).

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KRAFT, MATHEW

73 Monmouth Street

General German. Prospects: University of Michigan.

"And certainly he was a good fellow."

Office Assistant (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Book Room Assistant (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Assistant Manager (6); Manager (7, 8); Alpha Club (1, 2, 3); Omega Club (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (5, 6); Varsity Baseball (7); Multigraph Operator (5, 6, 7, 8).



KRITZMACHER, EDNA

295 South Sixth Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

*"A noble girl, and nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command."*

Girls' Service Club (7, 8); Glee Club (8); Senior Pivot Board (8).



KURTZ, JESSIE S.

28 East Fairmount Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"Her smile was like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky."

Girls' Service Club (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Honorary Member (7); G. O. Delegate (8); Patriotic Knitting Club (1, 2, 3); Omega (2, 3); Alpha (2, 3); Barnstormers (3, 4, 5); Journalist Club (5, 6, 7); Glee Club (4, 5, 8); Girls' A. A. (1); W. W. Debating Society (2, 3); Senior Pivot Board (8); Tennis Club (7).



LANGE, FRANKLIN

73 Quitman Street

Technical. Prospects: Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute.

"A pleasant youth, with a pleasant smile."

Chemical Club (7, 8); Technical Club (5, 6, 7, 8); Chess and Checkers Club (7).



LEHRFELD, JACOB

213 Waverly Avenue

College Preparatory. Prospects: University of Michigan.

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."



LIPPMAN, MILDRED

71 Jones Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth."

Girls' Service Club (5, 6, 7, 8); Dancing Class (3).



MEIRICK, RUTH G.

366 Hunterdon Street

College Preparatory. Prospects: New Jersey Law.

"A heart with room for every joy."

Girls' Service Club (7, 8); Journalist Club (6, 7, 8); Chess and Checkers Club (6, 7, 8); First Aid Corps (1, 2, 3); W. H. Debating Society (3, 4); Girls' A. A. (5); Barnstormers (2, 3); Senior Pivot Board (8).



MICHAELS, EVA

361 Littleton Avenue

General German. Prospects: Normal.

"Genteel in personage, conduct, and equipage."



O'SULLIVAN, JACKSON J.

103 Eleventh Avenue

College Preparatory. Prospects: Dentistry.

"As happy as the day is long."

Cycle Club (2); Spanish Club (3, 6); Advertising Club (6, 7); G. O. Delegate (6); Chess and Checkers Club (6, 7); G. O. Delegate (6, 7); Camera Club (2); Armory Exhibition (6); Class Relays (4, 5, 6, 7); Chemical Club (6, 7, 8); Secretary (7); Central Battalion Journalist Club (5, 6, 7); Class Soccer (4); Class Basketball (4, 5).

PEARL, FRANCES E.

109 Waverly Avenue

3½-Year Student. Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Touring.

*"Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe."*

Pivot Board (6, 7); Assistant Personal Editor (6); Assistant Literary Editor (7); Senior Dance Committee (7); Chess and Checkers (6, 7); Tennis Club (6); W. H. Debating Society (3, 4, 5); Omega (2, 3, 4); Alpha (2, 3); Editor of class paper, "Chatterbox"; Journalist Club (6, 7); Senior Pivot Board (7); Barnstormers (7).

PERETZMAN, HENRIETTA

295 Eighteenth Avenue

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"A countenance full of sweet serenity."

Girls' A. A. (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7); Knitting Club (3, 4); Spanish Club (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (3, 4, 5, 6); Science Club (4).

ROSKEIN, DAVID

40 Darcy Street

Technical. Prospects: Harvard Law.

*"Whose weighty sense
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence."*

Pivot Board (6, 7, 8); City Editor (6); Editor-in-Chief The Pivot (7, 8); Central Service Club (6, 7, 8); Secretary (7); President (8); President 4B Class (7); Journalist Club (6, 7, 8); President ex-officio (7, 8); Technical Club (3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Tennis Club (6, 7, 8); Centro Castellano (6, 7, 8); Treasurer (7); Electrical Club (2, 3, 4); Chess and Checkers Club (6, 7, 8); Advertising Club (6, 7, 8); Vice-President ex-officio (7, 8); Rifle Club (7); Chairman Senior Dance Committee (8); winner Old English "C" (8); winner third prize "New Jersey's Place in American History" (6).



SCHEIN, CECILIA

190 Spruce Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"May fortune wait on her."

Girls' Service Club (7, 8).



SILBERSTEIN, ROSE J.

33 Boyd Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: New Jersey Law School.

"She was a scholar and a ripe and good one."

Alpha (2); Omega (3); Glee Club (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8); Girls' Athletic Association (8); Centro Castellano (8); Senior Pivot Board (8).



TETELBAUM, GERTRUDE

71 West Alpine Street

Commercial French. Prospects: Literary Work.

"For dearly must we prize thee."

Associate Editor of The Pivot (8); Assistant Literary Editor of The Pivot (7); Vice-President of 4B Class; Vice-President ex-officio of Journalist Club (6); Senior Pivot Board (8); Girls' Service Club (7, 8); Editor-in-Chief of "The Amazon" (8); Advertising Club (6); Barnstormers (6); Journalist Club (6, 7, 8); Senior Dance Committee (8).



WALDMAN, SOPHIE

186 Prince Street

Commercial. Prospects: Business.

"Industry is my motto."

Girls' Service Club (7, 8); Girl Scouts (2); Girls' A. A. (2, 3); Alpha (3); Omega (3); Prize Essay Contest (5); Senior Pivot Board.



WEINSTEIN, TILLIE

44 Peshine Avenue

Commercial German. Prospects: Newark Junior College.

"Sweet as a flower."

Girls' Service Club (2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8); W. W. Debating Society (2); Tennis Club (5, 6); Girls' A. A. (5); Morning Forum Critic The Pivot (8); Journalist Club (7, 8); Senior Dance Committee (8); Advertising Club (7, 8); Senior Advertising Board (8); Senior Pivot Board (8).



WEISCHEDEL, ROY

771 South Twentieth Street

Commercial Spanish. Prospects: Undecided.

"Still, calm and resolute."



WIENER, ROSE LENA

70 Orchard Street

General Latin. Prospects: Normal.

"Modesty is the grace of soul."

Girls' Service Club (7, 8); Chairman Ring Committee (8); Barnstormers (4, 5, 6); Glee Club (8); Alpha (1, 2); Omega (3, 4); First Aid Corps (1, 2); Dancing Class (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8).



YABLONSKY, ALEX

386 Bank Street

General Latin. Prospects: Newark Junior College.

"An honest man close bottom to the chin."

Central Battalion (2, 3); W. W. Debating Society (4, 5); Chess and Checkers Club (8); Glee Club (6, 7).



YOUNGHANS, HARRY

22 Twentieth Avenue

Technical. Prospects: Chemical Engineering.

"Prompt at every call of duty."

Soccer (3); Chemical Club, Vice-President (6); President (7, 8); Chess and Checkers Club (6, 7, 8); President (7, 8); Treasurer 4B Class (7).

ZIMMERMAN, EDWARD

168 Belmont Avenue

Technical. Prospects: University of Michigan.

"A man of cheerful yesterdays, and confident tomorrows."

Technical Club (5, 6, 7, 8); Advertising Club (7, 8); President (7); Spanish Club (7, 8); Class Relay (5, 6); Overall Club (7); Assistant Manager Overall Club (7); Cross-Country (7); Pistol and Rifle Club (7); First Aid Club (3, 4).

ZWEIBEL, ALBERT

74 South Orange Avenue

College Preparatory. Prospects: N. Y. U.

"He talk, he will talk, let him talk on."

W. W. Debating Society (2, 3, 4); Inter-Class Relay Team (3, 5, 6); Pivot Board (4, 5, 6, 7, 8); Assistant Advertising Manager (4); Advertising Manager (5); Assistant Business Manager (6); Business Manager (7, 8); Chairman Senior Advertising Committee (8); Journalist Club (6, 7, 8); Vice-President ex-officio (7, 8); Advertising Club (6, 7, 8); President (6, 7); President ex-officio (8); Old English "C" (6, 8); Chess and Checkers Club (7); Spanish Club (7); Central Service Club (8).

SCHLEGEL, THERESA A.

327½ Morris Avenue

3½-Year Student. Commercial German. Prospects: Business.

"Not much talk, a great, sweet silence."

CLASS WILL.

We, the graduating class of Central High School, in the City of Newark, being of sound mind, do hereby make and proclaim this our last will and testament. We hereby solemnly bequeath the following to our several heirs and assignees:

Article I. Unto the coming Senior Class, of said Central High School, we do hereby assign and bequeath the joyful task of editing a Senior PIVOT, and also do we leave them that feeling of satisfaction, majesty and all-mightiness which burns in each Senior heart.

Article II. To the Junior Class we leave the mysteries of the Chemistry Laboratory, and the weird curves, dots, dashes and lines which constitute shorthand, which we have learned is a system of taking longer to write a given group of letters than we ordinarily take.

Article III. To the Sophomores we leave the supreme pleasure and gratification of pestering and molesting the innocent Freshmen. We exhort you, however, not to forget that you too are yet young, and that your game of "Tag" and "Puss-in-the-Corner," when engaged in the halls, endanger the life and limb of your superiors.

Article IV. To the Freshmen we leave the doubtful pleasure of learning the joys of "School Days." We also inform you that tickets for the lunch room must be purchased at the City Hall.

Article V. With the Faculty we leave our everlasting thanks and good will. We leave memories of many good times and a few bad ones behind us.

Article VI. To our most kind leader and guide, Mr. Wiener, we leave the hope of continued success.

Article VII. We hereby bequeath to the new editor and the new board the capacious and luxurious PIVOT office, with whatever needly improvements it may receive in the future.

Article VIII. To the many political notables remaining in Central, especially our esteemed Thomas Perkins, we leave and bequeath every club and organization to manage unhampered as he sees unfit.

Article IX. To the silly IC's we leave the unused stock room in the basement in which to park their baby carriages. This place is most convenient, as bottled milk is served close by.

Article X. We give our privilege, as Seniors, of spinning tops to our successors with the request that their right to play marbles be given to the present Senior C Class.

Article XI. We also bequeath The Amazonian Fortress, Room 309, to all future Amazons to whom it may descend. Be tolerant to the collected mass of male humanity who adorn your Vestal palace. Remember that they are foolish and as such not responsible for their actions. Have pity and relieve them of their burden.

Those things belonging to us which we have not mentioned we leave to the G. O., that they may use to carry it over the ever-disturbed financial situation.

We nominate and appoint Mr. Wiener to be our sole executor, in witness whereof, we here set our seal, this 28th day of October, 1920.

TILLIE WEINSTEIN,
Attorney.

(Signed) Class of November, 1920.
October 20, 1920.

HISTORY AND WORK OF GIRLS' SERVICE CLUB.

BY BERTHA GELFAND.

The Girls' Service Club, the first school organization of its kind in this city, was formed in April, 1914, for the purpose of rendering service to the school and helping other students as much as possible. Mr. Wiener selected the first charter members and requested them to draw up a constitution. At the first meeting, Adrienne Graham was elected president and Miss Rosecrans was chosen faculty advisor of the club. Much of the success of this club has been due to Miss Rosecrans, who has proved to be an able advisor.

After the first organization meeting, future members of the association were voted upon by the girls. There has never been any limit to the membership. The success of the Girls' Service Club being once assured, its members then aimed to have other schools establish organizations of the same sort.

During the second year meetings were held at the Y. W. C. A. building, but because of the inconvenience involved in attending meetings at that building, it was decided to meet once more in 213. The Girls' Service Club has met in this room ever since.

Under the leadership of such girls as Adrienne

Graham, Margaret Brown, Edith Timer, Amelia Landenberger, Serena Greenberg, Flora Morchower, Mary Eagle and many others, the Girls' Service Club has lived up to its ideals. For the last three or four years 1B Sociables have been held for the purpose of welcoming the new students and making them feel that they have a share in the school life. This club is also taking charge of the voluntary organ fund. The school has responded well and in one year nearly \$1,000 has been realized.

The Girls' Service Club holds mass meetings for the benefit of the girls, gives pictures to the room having the highest attendance during the term, provides outlines of information on various vocations to benefit the girl student. It has taken charge of the clean-up movements in this school and has done many other things through which the fame of the club has spread to all parts of the State. About one year ago, the United States Board of Education asked Miss Rosecrans to deliver a talk on the work of this organization. In fact, so great has been the influence of the Girls' Service Club upon others, that other schools have established clubs of the same kind.



OFFICIAL RETURNS OF G. O. ELECTION

For President

Ray Fischer, 501; Benjamin Blum, 400; Max Tischler, 101; Paul Krich, 46.

For Vice-President

George Cooper, 402; Grace Mass, 330; Lillian Rosenbaum, 186; Gertrude Wigder, 90; Bertha Richman, 22.

For Executive Board (Eight to be Elected)

Herbert Hahn, 680; Hattie Green, 594; Blenda

Jeppson, 590; Philip Deutch, 499; Harry Mand, 475; Leo Zweibel, 463; Ira Kanowith, 424; Pearl Adlerstein, 420; Herbert Shapiro, 408; Jack Steinberg, 401; Esther Greenberg, 394; Mildred Schweitzer, 393; Jack Wohlreich, 381; Matilda Siegal, 348; Patrick Powers, 343; Edward Green-span, 339; Louis Liberman, 284; Nickolas Mazzei, 268; Herbert Marx, 261; Morris Turkanich, 222.

MR. SMITH RECEIVES DOCTOR'S DEGREE.

Dr. R. L. Smith, of our music department, has received his music degree from the Lincoln-Jefferson University, Chicago. His thesis, a cantata entitled "The Pioneers," is one of decided merit. "The overture is carefully developed and the subjects characteristic," according to Dr. Orlando A. Mansfield's re-

port. "The soprano solo is decidedly original, while the quartet is a most artistic movement, the most charming in the work. The final chorus shows Dr. Smith's ability to handle eight-part writing. The choral work is effective and the scoring good."

OLD ENGLISH "C'S" AWARDED.

The highly coveted English "C's" awarded by the Central Service Club will be granted to the following students for the activities mentioned:

1. William Crosta, Manager Employment Bureau (7).
2. Mary Eagle, President Girls' Service Club (8).
3. Gerald Higgons, Manager Employment Bureau (8).

4. Leon Kapp, President Central Service Club (7).
5. Albert Zweibel, Business Manager The Pivot.
6. Matthew Kraftowitz, Manager Book Room.
7. David Roskein, Editor-in-Chief The Pivot; President Central Service Club (8).
8. Gertrude Tetelbaum, Associate Editor The Pivot; Vice-President 4B Class; scholarship record over eight.

THE CHESS AND CHECKER CLUB.

Check Mate! That's what one hears many times a session at the Chess Club.

When this club started a year ago most of the now proficient players were green at the game. Mr. Berk, the faculty adviser, with great effort and patience, taught them first the rudiments, and then the finer points and moves of the game. The majority became so well versed in the game that a tournament was formed to see who were the best players. They will receive prizes, as well as selected to represent

Central High as a chess team for competition with other schools.

This club is one of the most popular in Central. It now boasts of eighty members and more are elected each week. The club is ably managed and represented by George Cooper, President; Gerald Higgons, Vice President; Thomas Perkins, Treasurer; Harold Brown, Business Manager; Evelyn Wexler, Secretary, and Theodore Abeles, Publicity Secretary.

NEWS OF SENIOR CLASSES.

The 4A Class is looking forward to a very successful term under the leadership of its new officers, who are: President, Leon Kapp; Vice-President, Edna Lovenberg; Secretary, Mary Eagle, and Treasurer, Lewis Thum. Mr. Sinclair is Faculty Adviser. The Senior Dance, which was held October 27, was under the direction of David Roskein, chairman of the Dance Committee.

Jack Wohlreich was re-elected President of his class. Other 4B officers are: Vice-President, Libby Satz; Secretary, Matilda Siegal; Treasurer, Jack Steinberg; G. O. Delegate, Harry Mann. A ring committee was appointed, of which Gwendolyn

O'Connor is chairman.

At the organization meeting of the 4C Class, the following officers were elected: President, Wilson Hobson; Vice-President, Viola Hammerschlag; Secretary, Dorothy White; Treasurer, Beatrice Levinson; G. O. Delegate, Christine Manderson.

A Prom Committee, consisting of Hazel Stadelhofer, Chairman, and Lammont Calder, Edward Greenspan, Albertina Frank and Esther Furst, associates, was appointed. The Class has been holding a chocolate sale to finance the affair, which will be held Thanksgiving Eve. Mr. Schleicher is faculty advisor of the Class.

4C'S HOLD CARNIVAL.

Everybody had a rollicking good time at the 4C Hallowe'en Carnival, held on October 20, 1920. This was a Carnival in the true sense of the word, with all the traditional side-shows, fortune-telling, fishing booths, and its several other attractions.

Both lunch rooms were utilized and they presented a true Hallowe'en atmosphere, with the orange and black decorations, the black cats and witches which adorned the walls, and the costumed maidens who presided over the various booths.

The affair was very well arranged. Social dancing was enjoyed and punch served. Part of the program was a dance by Rhoda Eder. Miss Eder deserves most favorable comment for her impersonation. Viola Hammerschlag added greatly to the

holiday atmosphere by her unique costume, which was adorned by her flowing black hair.

The attendance was very large, due to the originality of the sociable, to the excellent advertising it received and the hearty co-operation of the student and faculty bodies.

The 4C's wish to express their appreciation to Doris Hupp for her artistic posters, which called forth so many admiring comments and to Mr. Schleicher, whose interest and co-operation had a great deal to do with the success of the affair. The Seniors are certainly to be congratulated on the excellent management of the sociable. Miss Valerie Lenkowitz deserves special commendation for the part she played as fortune teller.

GRADUATE NOTES.

Class of June, 1920.

David Kirsch is attending the N. J. Law School.

Serena Greenberg, Beatrice Meyer and Frieda Lippel are taking a secretarial course at the Coleman Business College.

Flora Morchower and Rose Katzman are at the Newark Normal School.

Harry Morcower, Alfred Rauch and Ernest Kritzmacher represent Central at Cornell.

George Douglas and Reginald Farrow have en-

tered Rutgers.

Class of August, 1920.

Eva Kanzien, Mildred Rothe and Mamie Nitolli are attending Normal.

Samuel Harrison is pursuing a course in finance at N. Y. U.

Gertrude Weiss is at the Newark Normal School of Physical Training.

Florence Loebel is back again at Central, taking P. G.

CENTRALITES WIN LAURELS AT RUTGERS.

George Douglas, class of June, 1920, former Central star miler and cross-country man, took first place in the cross-country trials held at Rutgers in October. Douglas, who was national interscholastic cross-country champion in 1918 and national interscholastic two-mile champion in 1919, completed the course, which is short of two miles, in 9 minutes 45 seconds. It is expected that he will be a big addition to Rutgers' track squad. At the annual interclass track meet, held on October 18, Douglas captured first place in the two-mile event. The *Newark Evening News* says, "Douglas is one of the greatest finds of the track team, and that there is no doubt but that

before he finishes his college career he will have made a name for himself and brought in intercollegiate championship to Rutgers. Douglas is a product of Central High School, where he was tutored by the Scarlet coach."

Central's former star quarter-miler, Stewart Beattie, who is varsity track man at Rutgers, was recently elected president of the "Soph" class. Beattie was a member of the one-mile relay which broke the Penn relay record for the Middle Atlantic States championship last year. He garnered first place in the half-mile and second in the quarter-mile at the recent interclass track meet.



Around the Flag Pole



Snap me Tillie



Familiar Scene



G. Tetelbaum & V. Hammerschlag



President G. O. & Campaign Managers



Some Crew



"One Cec" Baseball



It's Leap Year



An Old Timer '20



Officers G. S. C.



Assorted nuts



'40 Spooks



Hot Dawgs



George Cooper
Vice-president G. O.



SENIOR SLAMS

NAME	ALIAS	AILMENT	CURE	DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC	DOOM	HOW THEY GOT THROUGH
Berkelhamer, Rose	"Ham"	Giggling	Muzzle	Hair	Floorwalker	Worked
Braelow, Mollie	"Moll"	Seclusion	Circus	Airs	Vacuum agent	Hobbled
Charles, Edward	"Eddie"	Athletics	No games	Looks	Model for hot dog	Slept
Cohen, Rose	"Coney"	Pretense	Flashlight	Powder	Ammunition model	Delayed
Daniel, Ruth	"Bebe"	Height	Yeast	Babish	Female Dempsey	Crawled
Deixel, Rose	"Rosie"	Smiles	Grouch	Voice	2nd Galli Curci	Sang
Eagle, Mary	"Merry"	Looks	Get mussed up	Complexion	Suffragette	Fooled the public
Eidenbaum, Elizabeth	"Lizzie"	Grin	False teeth	Soft voice	Telephone operator	Whispered
Gaubis, Teckla	"Teck"	Brows	Barber	Everything	Matron	Walked
Gelfand, Bertha	"Bert"	Slow	Twentieth Century	Talking	Silent stage	Crammed
Gellis, Sara	"Jelly"	Eyes	Football game	Hair	Combliss	Slid
Grabenshik, Isadore	"Grabby"	Love	Women	Hangout	Lothario	Loved
Higgins, Gerald	"Jerry"	Chuks	Land him	Talk	Victrola teacher	Deliberated
Jorgensen, Mary	"Juddy"	Sighs	Basketball games	Height	M. L.	Studied
Kapp, Leon	"Kappie"	Spirit	Cutie	Neckwear	You'd be surprised	By chance
Kraft, Matthew	"Matt"	Jilted	Jazz	Pose	Gay old dog	Toiled
Kritzmacher, Edna	"Kritzie"	Studious	Artist's model	Voice	Shrew	Studied
Kurtz, Jessie	"Jesookie"	Noise	Bomb	Eyes	School marm	Sang
Lange, Franklin	"Frankie"	Silence	Heavy weight	Sports	Henpeck	Find out
Lehrfeld, Jacob	"Jake"	St. Vitus Dance	Can't be	Feet	Butler	Fought
Lippman, Mildred	"Millie"	Knowledge	Grouch	Helpful	Cook	Helped
Lovenberg, Edna	"Eddie"	Good nature	Castor oil	Disposition	Nurse in doll hospital	Smiled
Meirick, Ruth	"Rube"	Disposition	Him	Talk	Dean of N. J. Law School	Chewed the rag
Michaels, Eva	"Eve"	Wisdom	Vitriol	Bangs	Barbers	Skidded
O'Sullivan, Jackson	"Jack"	Good looks	Eyeglasses	Perkins	Rubber heel salesman	Barringer, East Side, Etc.
Pearl, Frances	"Vamp"	Jazz	217	I only want say—	Hair dresser	God only knows
Peretzman, Henrietta	"Henry"	Gabbing	Leave that to her	"Ah, George"	Why one?	Wrote one-act plays
Roskein, David	"Ros"	Himself	Powder	Hair combs	(See Prophecy)	Talked politics
Schein, Cecelia	"Ceil"	Blushing	Boys	Teeth	Reno	Cried
Schlegel, Theresa	"Tess"	Shyness	Alarm clock	Importance	Harem	Edited
Silverstein, Rose	"Wozy"	Tardiness	Press agent	Modesty	Old Maid (waited too long)	Giggled
Telbaum, Gertrude	"Cerdy"	Modesty	Tragedian	We all know	15c. novelist	Who could refuse?
Thum, Louis	"Tom"	Rosenbluth	Jail	Poetic	A why, when, how?	Registered early
Trelease, Charles	"Patsy"	Ideas	Shock	Precocity	Authoress	Flirted
Waldman, Sophie	"So"	Complexion	Stage	Humor	Army of voting women	Laughed at teacher's jokes
Weinstein, Tillie	"Till"	Style	Girls	Good looks	Married for love	Studied the teachers
Weischedel, Roy	"Why"	Bashfulness	Whipping post	Good nature	Dancing teacher	Ate onions
Wiener, Rose	"Rose"	Temper	Dentist	Obliging	Apache dancer	I dunno
Yablonsky, Alex	"Al"	Teeth	Baldy	Blondine	Oh, Percy	Favored
Youngmans, Harry	"Hal"	Chemistry	Blow-out	Ala Lila Lee	Hair dresser	Skidded
Zimmerman, Edward	"Zimmy"	Haircomb	Baldy	Collar	Dog catcher	Unseen
Zweibel, Albert	"Al"	Hard work	Miner's	Arguments	Cop	Argued

THE BALLOT OF THE 4A'S

Most Popular Girl

Edna Lovenberg
Mary Eagle

Most Popular Boy

Gerald Higgons
Leon Kapp

Most School-Spirited Girl

Gertrude Tetelbaum
Tillie Weinstein

Most School-Spirited Boy

Gerald Higgons
David Roskein

Prettiest Girl

Edna Lovenberg
Mary Eagle

Handsome Boy

Roy Weischedel
Edward Zimmerman

Best All Round Girl

Jessie Kurtz
Rose Silberstein

Best All Round Boy

Leon Kapp
Gerald Higgons

Best Girl Orator

Edna Kritzmacher
Rose Silberstein

Best Boy Orator

David Roskein
Gerald Higgons

Best Girl Athlete

Henrietta Peretzman
Sophie Waldman

Best Boy Athlete

Leon Kapp
Edward Zimmerman

Best Girl Dancer

Cecelia Schein
Tillie Weinstein

Best Boy Dancer

Roy Weischedel
Leon Kapp

Best Girl Dresser

Mary Eagle
Tillie Weinstein

Best Boy Dresser

Albert Zweibel
Leon Kapp

Class Comedian

Louis Thum
David Roskein

Noisiest Girl

Jessie Kurtz
Theresa Schlegel

Noisiest Boy

Louis Thum
Franklin Lange

Class Baby

Ruth Daniels
Jessie Kurtz

Most Conceited Girl

Tillie Weinstein
Mary Eagle

Most Conceited Boy

David Roskein
Isadore Grabenchik

Best Girl Mixer

Mildred Lippman
Ruth Meirick

Best Boy Mixer

Edward Zimmerman
Isadore Grabenchik

Hardest Worker

Edna Kritzmacher
Sophie Waldman

Calamity Jane

Mollie Braelow
Rose Berkelhammer

Class Optimist

Harry Youngmans
Rose Deixel

Class Poet

Eva Michaels
Teckla Gaubis

Class Politician

David Roskein
Isadore Grabenchik

Most Girlish Boy

Roy Weischedel
Albert Zweibel

Most Boyish Girl

Rose Cohen
Elizabeth Eidenbaum

Biggest Bluffer

Albert Zweibel
Frances Pearl

MORNING FORUM.

Rose Silberstein, "The Honor of the 133rd Anniversary of the Adoption of the Constitution," Sept. 17—The thorough knowledge that you had of your topic and the distinctness with which you spoke were commendable.

Josephine Moccia, "Museum of Natural History," Sept. 17—Your descriptions made us feel that we were in the museum. A fine talk.

Anna Bednarczyk, "Voluntary Organ Fund Collection," Sept. 23—Your talk was up to your usual standard. Let us hear from you some more.

Helen Stark, "The Old English Coffee House," Sept. 24—Had you been more familiar with your topic, you would have delivered a more interesting talk.

Wayne Alleger, "America's Bid for the Gordon Bennett Cup," Sept. 28—An interesting talk and well delivered.

Simon Friedman, "Are the Movies a Boon or Menace to Mankind," Sept. 28—What would have been an interesting talk was marred by the fact that you did not spend enough time in preparation.

Kenneth Jackson, "Making the Vehicular Tunnel Safe," Sept. 30—Your talk was well given. Technical subjects interest a large number of students.

Leonarda Peritz, "The Willow Pattern," Sept. 30—Your speech was an interesting one and your delivery good.

Jacob Ballin, "Mercantile Agencies," Sept. 30—You gave a good talk.

Herbert Shapiro, "The Dover Game," Sept. 30—Talks on football games are always welcomed.

Celia Eisenberger, "How to Earn a Million Dollars," Oct. 1—Your rapid delivery and soft tone of voice detracted very much from your talk. Have you earned your million?

Max Berlin, "Spanish to the Fore," Oct. 1—Why the hurry to finish your delivery?

Ella Pickarsky, "The Japanese Theatre," Oct. 1—Your excellent delivery made your talk very interesting.

Gertrude Tetelbaum, "Eugene Field," Oct. 1—Silent heart throbs and choking throats, more than the thunderous handclaps you heard, greeted your delivery in which the childlike and sympathetic nature of the great poet was portrayed.

Pauline Eidenbaum, "Art in Everyday Things," Oct. 4—An interesting topic which held the interest of the audience.

Grace Mass, "One Bee Sociable," Oct. 4—I am sure that the good results of your talk were shown by the attendance at the sociable. The Girls' Service Club is doing wonderful work in promoting good times in Central.

Sam Grau, "Shall We Mend the Liberty Bell," Oct. 4—A well delivered talk.

Viola R. Hammerschlag, "Freshman Sociable," Oct. 5—Try to speak a trifle more slowly next time. Otherwise a good delivery.

Herbert Hahn, "The Service Club, Incorporated,"

Oct. 5—The distinctness with which you spoke kept the attention of your audience and it deserves most favorable comment.

Fannie Kantor, "1C Sociable," Oct. 6—A very good talk, Fannie. We would enjoy hearing from you again.

Sarah Ruback, "The Umbrella," Oct. 6—A very interesting and profitable talk.

Louis Kaiser, "The M-V All Weather Train Control," Oct. 6—The monotonous tone of voice made your talk uninteresting.

Sadie Rothman, "THE PIVOT," Oct. 6—Rather a short talk for the contents of THE PIVOT, don't you think? It had the desired effect, nevertheless.

Earnest Schwartz, "The Value of Water Power," Oct. 6—A well prepared talk. We are only beginning to realize the future power that water will play in industry.

Harry Meyer, "The Discovery and Uses of Radium," Oct. 6—Your tone of voice was rather choppy. You can easily overcome this.

Esther Rosenbluth, "THE PIVOT," Oct. 7—Your slight hesitancy detracted from your talk.

Irma Losi, "Life Saving Dogs," Oct. 7—Your clear enunciation held the interest of your audience.

Ruth Whaelen, "Discovery of America," Oct. 11—A good talk. Glad to hear from you, Ruth.

Oscar Spitz, "Columbus Day," Oct. 11—Lack of expression spoiled your talk.

Adeline Gansl, "Timber Loss," Oct. 13—Your talk lacked pep.

William Crosta, "Jacob H. Schiff," Oct. 13—Your topic was interesting because of its timeliness.

Alma Knudson, "Central Girl Reserves," Oct. 13—Your enthusiasm held the interest of all. However, try to overcome your slight nervousness.

Mr. Snodgrass, "Barringer Game," Oct. 14—We are always glad to hear from the faculty, especially you. Your remarkable power of throwing your voice is much to be commended.

Benjamin Blum, "Barringer Game," Oct. 15—Full of pep, Blum, as usual.

William Kelley, "The Japanese in California," Oct. 19—Your clear enunciation made your talk a success.

Beatrice Levinson, "4C Carnival," Oct. 19—There was but one criticism, Bea, you spoke too softly.

Henry Kiselik, "Frederick Chopin—His Life and Compositions," Oct. 20—Your selection was appreciated by all.

Benj. Blum, "Senior Dance," Oct. 21—How could any one stay away from the 4A dance after hearing you speak?

Paul Darde, "The Great French Sculptor," Oct. 21—You did not spend enough time in the preparation of your topic.

David Roskein, "Senior Dance," Oct. 21—You suggested some very novel ways for the disposal of the tickets.



CENTRAL OPENS WITH A VICTORY.

Displaying a form unusual for so early in the season, Central defeated the Dover High School football team at City Field, October 2nd. 21 to 0. The day was ideal for football and the large crowd on hand enjoyed the well-played game. Central's eleven clearly deserved its victory. It was more aggressive, followed the ball more closely and gained ground more consistently.

The first quarter was mainly a kicking duel between Bill Helbig and Endahl, honors being about even. With the beginning of the second half Central woke up. Dover's kick was blocked and the ball recovered on their twenty-five-yard line, but a fumble nullified all the good work. Dover, however, was no better, fumbling after making a first down. Here Guarino uncorked one of the sensational long end runs that marked him as the outstanding star of the game. Finding Dover's line impenetrable, Burnett, who had relieved Zwigard at quarter, tried a drop-kick from the twenty-yard line, the ball just sailing underneath the crossbar. The ball was brought back to the twenty-yard line and King, Dover's quarterback, called for a forward pass. Central's forwards, however, were on the job. They smashed through and got the ball just as it left his hand. With a touchdown in sight Helbig showed a flash of that football he is capable of playing by taking the ball over in three consecutive bucks. A minute later he

made it 7 to 0 by kicking the goal. Just before the half ended, Singer, Dover's left halfback, intercepted a forward pass and ran forty yards, speedy little Jimmy Guarino pulling him down on the five-yard line just as the whistle blew.

The third quarter was marred by much fumbling, the ball continually changing hands and neither team being able to make much headway. The final session opened with Helbig receiving Dover's kick. Guarino put the ball on Dover's ten-yard line by ripping off two end runs which netted forty-five yards. Here we were held for downs, but Captain Smullen blocked Dover's attempt to kick out of danger and fell on the ball behind the goal line for Central's second touchdown. With but a minute to go King repeated the error of calling for a forward pass with the ball on his own twenty-five-yard line, and again with disastrous results, for the alert Central linemen were upon him before he could throw the ball. He dropped it and Botelli picked up the elusive pigskin and ran for a touchdown. Bill Helbig kicked the goal and the game was over.

Gieske, Smullen and Bauman played a bang-up defensive game. Time and again this trio broke through and smeared Dover's plays. In the backfield Guarino and Helbig were the shining lights. Captain Brown and Singer played well for the visiting team.

BLUE AND WHITE ARE SET FOR BASKETBALL.

Latest reports show that Central will have one of the best basketball teams that has ever represented the Blue and White. Harry Meltzer was recently elected captain for the following season and it is expected that he will run the team in good style. Harry, or "Stretch," as he is called, can be depended upon, and with the return of three other veterans, namely, Rosenberg, Rasnick and Tischler, Central looms up as a fast combination ready to defend its laurels. It was expected that Leon Kapp, who has played with the team for two successive years, to come back after his graduation for an extension course, but Kapp

will probably try out for the N. Y. U. freshman team this coming February. "Doc" Sargeant will coach the team and "Young" Berla is manager. Berla has almost completed his schedule and some interesting contests will be staged early in January.

There is also new material on hand. Besides our four veterans we have some promising lads from last year's second team. "Phil" Deutsch, Joe Kruger and Ira Kanowith will most probably make the varsity. Ralph DeDeo, a newcomer, will also be seen sporting Central colors.

TRENTON OVERWHELMS THE BLUE AND WHITE.

On October 9 our football team travelled to Trenton for a game with the representatives of the Trenton High School. The result of the game was that we went down to a 26-0 defeat at the hands of our much heavier opponents. It may be said for the team, however, that it was not represented by its strongest eleven as three of our players were injured.

The game started with Helbig kicking to Willman, who brought the ball to midfield before being downed. It was in this play that Miller, our right halfback, was injured and he had to retire from the game. Trenton then started a rush down the field, but our line held for downs on our twenty-yard line. A series of line bucks and end runs by Helbig and Guarino brought the ball into our opponents' territory. The quarter ended with the ball in midfield.

In the second quarter Gieske, our star center, was also injured and he also was compelled to leave the game. Trenton then began to use the famous wedge formation, by means of which they scored their first touchdown. Berrien kicked the goal. The half ended without any further scoring.

After a series of punts in the third quarter Central received the ball in midfield. Here Central fumbled and Berrien picked up the ball and ran forty yards for a touchdown. He missed the goal. After the kick-off Trenton again resorted to the wedge formation and rushed the ball to our fifteen-yard line, when the quarter ended. In the final period, by means of some heavy line plunging, Trenton brought the ball to our one-yard line. Here our line held for two downs, but on the next play the Trenton fullback carried the ball over. Berrien kicked the goal.

Helbig then kicked to Willman, who ran twenty yards before he was brought down. Two end runs in succession gained thirty-five yards for our opponents. Helbig, in tackling Trenton's speedy quarterback on the next play, was slightly injured, and he, too, was forced to retire from the game. Then, by continual smashing on our weakened line, Trenton brought the ball to our two-yard line. Here our line held for downs. On the next play, a half minute before the game was over, our back fumbled and Trenton fell on the ball for the final touchdown.

CENTRAL BEATS BARRINGER.

On October 15th, before one of the largest crowds ever assembled at City Field, Coach Charley Schneider's proteges humbled Barringer High School football team, 13 to 7. It was the first time in history that the Light Blue triumphed on the gridiron over her darker rival. Several times we have come mighty close, but never heretofore have we been quite able to turn the trick. Next to Coach Schneider and the team as a whole, credit for the victory belongs to Bill Helbig and Captain Allen Smullen. "Red" Burnett also deserves special mention for the clever way in which he ran the team. The contest was close and hard-fought throughout, but Central clearly showed her superiority in every department of the game but one. In end runs the palm goes to Barringer. An especially gratifying feature was the way our line held. The Dark Blue backs made no more impression on it when in dangerous territory than on a stone wall.

The first quarter was mainly an assortment of fumbles and kicks, Helbig getting the best of Avalone in the booting contest. With the beginning of the second quarter Burnett replaced Zwigard at quarterback. He called for an end run and "Big Bill" scooted around the right wing like a shot, only to drop the ball when tackled by one of the secondary defense. Nothing daunted, however, he scooped up the ball and sped down the side line for thirty-five yards and a touchdown. He then kicked the goal.

When play was resumed Barringer managed to bring the ball to our five-yard line. Four times the Ridge street team hurled itself savagely at that stone wall, and each time it recoiled, bruised and shaken, but on the last play a Central man was a little too anxious and the team was penalized for being off-side. With the ball on the two-yard line and first

down, Barringer fumbled, Central recovering. Helbig kicked out of danger and a moment later the half ended.

Early in the third period Central got the ball on Barringer's forty-yard line. It was here that Burnett called into use the split formation, the same play that was used with marked success against Barringer two years ago. Time after time Bill Helbig carried the ball for big gains by its use, until finally he planted the oval less than six inches from the goal line. Burnett used his head and, instead of giving the ball to Helbig, as all Barringer's team was expecting, he grabbed the pigskin himself and plunged over for Central's second touchdown. Bill was a pretty tired boy and his miss of the goal was excusable. Toward the end of the last period Van Poznak replaced McArthur at quarterback, and finding the line impenetrable, he attacked the wings. By means of some pretty end runs he worked the ball down to the five-yard line. He wasted three downs trying to make that five yards through the line, but finding his efforts useless, he carried the ball across for Barringer's only score by a beautifully executed end run. Captain Poland kicked the goal.

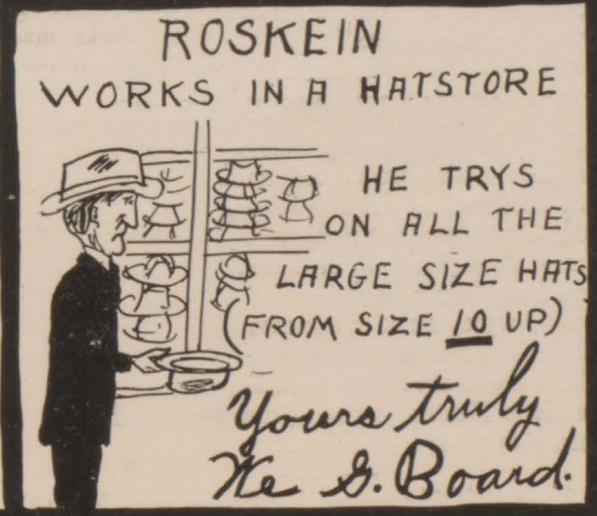
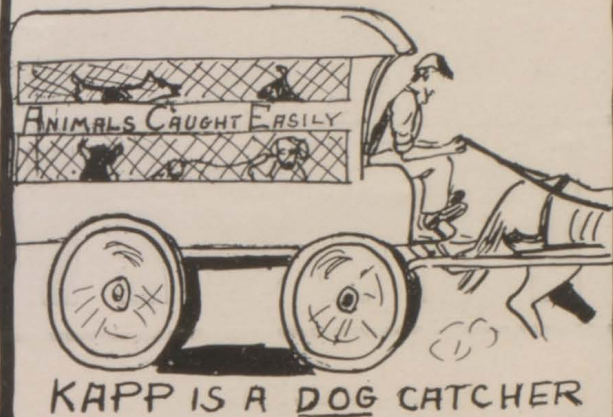
With three minutes to go Van Poznak and McArthur kept circling the wings until once more Coach Pritchard's boys were within scoring distance. For the third time in the game the Barringer backs tried to hammer through the line for the necessary last few yards. Their efforts were fruitless. On the third down Joe Krueger "smeared" the play for a loss, and a moment later the whistle shrilled, ending the game.

Just to blow off some steam and loosen the tension a snake dance was organized.

Score by periods:

Barringer.....	0	0	0	7—7
Central.....	0	7	6	0—13

SENIOR PROFESSEE





PIVOTICKLES

HELP WANTED.

Someone wanted to help the editor find the personals that are not in the PIVOT Boxes. Are you going to help—the more the merrier.

Right now you like to read a joke
That makes you split, to laugh and choke,
When they are bad, instead of knocks
You try to fill a PIVOT Box.

A One Cee was required by an English teacher to write a 250-word essay on balloons and he handed in the following:

"My big brother bought a big black balloon. He blew and blew till it busted in his face. This is about 25 words. The other 225 is what he said, but I'll leave them out 'cause you being a lady might be shocked."

IN THE AUDITORIUM

Policeman Dunn (talking on Safety First)—"I see many familiar faces here."

THINGS THAT WILL NEVER BE:

Edna Kritzmacher not grinding.
Gertrude Tetelbaum an old maid.
Eva Michaels six feet.
Edna Lovenberg not happy.
Harry Youngmans not in Chem.
David Roskein a bachelor.
Mary Jorgensen not in a hurry.
Tillie Wienstein worrying.
Albert Zweibel not out for ads.
Henriette Peritzman not talking shorthand.
Leon Kapp not a president.

F. Lang—"Did you see that fly on Harry's hat?"

Molly Braelow—"No; what was it doing?"

F. Lang—"Running around the rim, listening to the band."

Not long ago a student who was always prompt, came late into his physics class, which was studying electricity. He was greeted by the teacher who said, "*Watts* the matter; were you *insulate*; I'm *shocked*."

The student said, "It wasn't my *volt* I made poor *connections*."

And the teacher answered, "Why didn't you take a *short circuit*."

HEARD IN SPANISH

Teacher (very angry)—"What was your head used for, anyway?"

E. Sussman—"To hold my hat on, I guess."

SENIOR QUESTIONS.

Where's the school agoin'
And what's it goin' to do,
An' how's it goin' to do it,
When WE Seniors get through?

Paul Krich is as nervy as they make them. We base our opinion on the following incident.

At last Friday's dance Krich approached Mildred Schweitzer and asked if she had the next dance. Mildred replied in the negative and then Krich politely said, "Would you please hold my books while I dance?"

Wilson Hobson reminds one of the Hare and the Tortoise—pompadour and spectacles.

BOYLE'S LAW CORRUPTED

(In a crowded car) The greater the volume (of people) the greater the pressure.

Perkins thought he was dreaming about a horse, but found it was only a nightmare.

1C SPANISH

Teacher—"Translate 'pan y mantequilla.'"
1C—"Pa, and he might kill you."

Charles Gieske, who was on a farm this summer heard a bright one. Listen!

One of the laborers was a stupid city chap and he allowed the cows to graze in the orchard. On being reprimanded by his employer he said, "Well, I wanted some apple butter."

"Okin, how is it you don't bring your car to school?"

"My dad sold it."

"How's that?"

"We didn't have enough room in our garage for two cars, ours and the cook's."

A football yell of a seashore High School goes:

Oysters, Oysters,
Haw, Haw, Haw,
Chew 'em up, Chew 'em up
Raw, Raw, Raw.

Higsons—"There is only one person in this world that would marry you."

Younghans—"Who?"

Higsons—"The minister."



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The following are some of the excuses for absence which might have come to the office last month:

Dear Dr. Mones, M. D.

Please excuse my little boy, Richard Abeles, for he had a boil on the back of his neck. The doctor told him to keep his eye on it and it would be all right. And you being a doctor know what that is, and oblige

His Mamma.

To whom it may concern—

Will you excuse Saul for his absence as he wasn't in school. It was a holiday and it was strictly necessary for him to go to Keeney's to celebrate. Yours truly,

Mrs. Schutzman.

Hon. Mr. Wiener, Esq.—

You would do me a great favor if you would give my Teddy a solid spanking for the truancy which he played yesterday. He is very grating on my nerve and he looks just like his father. Thank you

Mrs. Cox.

To Whoever Reads The Notes—

Please excuse Evelyn from being away yesterday. She had to go shopping and buy matches, frankfurters, coughdrops, and a few more errands besides beds which she had to make.

Mrs. Miller.

WHOSE FUNERAL

Teacher—"What is the presidential succession law?"

O'Sullivan—"The presidential succession law provides that if both president and vice-president die, the cabinet members will follow in succession."

HEARD IN SPANISH

M. Kraftowitz (reading)—"el holganza——"

Teacher—"Don't you know laziness is feminine?"



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(Continued from page 14)

Roy detached himself from the others, walked up to the girl and said in a low, guarded voice which no one but his companion could hear:

"Miss Emloss, why not drop your hostile manner towards all at school? Why not extend your generosity to us whom you have barred from you by your wall of indifference and haughtiness? We have learned of your kind deeds and I beg you to become one of us."

Panx stared unwinkingly at the boy in front of her. Then, quickly turning, she ran away from him.

Knowing the nature of the queries of his friends if he went back to them, Roy walked into the building. He sat down in his home room, in a deep study. Then, with a chuckle, he secured paper and wrote something, and, calling to a friend nearby, whispered something in his ear. The other nodded understandingly and left Roy. The lad, remaining, paced up and down the room nervously.

Soon the other returned, bearing in his hand a paper. He delivered it to Roy, who read:

"Dear Mr. Roy:

"No, I am not angry at you.

PANX EMLOSS.

"P. S.—Yes, I will become one of you, and accept your invitation to the football game this coming week."

(Continued from page 15)

whistling for Whistle. The cross-country team begins stamping its feet to keep warm and chase themselves all over the panorama. One ceases to gargle his throat at the Fidelity's drinking fountain.

Leaves leave and so does the graduating class. We love to get jobs as stokers and begin to think that being a baker has its compensations, while the warmest place is the cellar; that is, if you don't believe in prohibition. Smoke rises in our chimneys and we rise in our fur-lined pajamas. The trusty electric fan shows its first symptoms of rust. People choose this time of year, for no reason in the world, to have their appendix taken out, but wait for hot weather to have their tonsils extricated.

Then one morning you awake—as usual—and find the earth covered with something that looks like the interior of a cream puff. This is snow, the natural enemy of silk hats and window cleaners. It's what you get snowed under and the only thing that goes to make up a snowball besides the compression. All the kids in the vicinity immediately precipitate themselves on to the sidewalks with their sleds, scraping along the quarter of an inch of snow and try belly-wopping down the hill, defying all laws of inertia. Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen! The rest of the infants start sliding out perfectly good shoe leather. Water freezes, and on every lake the fellow picks up the girl he has fallen for. Shins are massaged playing hockey. Alaskan and Russian atmosphere is brought right home to us.

(Concluded on page 16)

I AM IN THE PIVOT



(Continued from page 13)

manner gave me a list of instructions. But the thing he emphasized the most and which he considered my most important duty was to see that my patient was kept quiet. In a low, but forcible, voice he informed me that if ever a noise or shock reached my patient it would be fatal. With a few more hurried instructions the doctor left. My career as a nurse in Huntington Manor had begun.

The first few days of my sojourn with the Howlands passed uneventfully. My patient was unusually docile and seemed to take a fancy to me. Naturally, and as might have been expected, I was thrown a great deal in the company of the son; it would be foolish for me to say that I regretted this. But even though we were so friendly and perhaps a little more, we never spoke on anything but trivial topics. However a tacit understanding existed between us that we should speak of something *much* more interesting when my patient would recover her health.

One night after much thinking I finally came to the conclusion that I was needed more at home. My patient was now doing extremely well and would have no further use for me. Besides, my own personal reasons were strong enough to urge my departure and as you may have surmised they concerned Richard Howland. With this thought in mind I started to pack up.

No sooner did I begin than an unaccountable feeling of sadness seized me. Startled, I realized that I did not want to go home. Though, at one time, I had entered this house of fear with reluctance I now realized that unconsciously I had become part of it. The solitariness which once frightened me now strangely enough was comforting; the people whom I had thought so queer had now become intensely human; and last of all their manner of living, which I had once despised, had suddenly become so dear to me that I knew I could never go back to the old order of things. All at once, in the midst of my cogitations I heard a faint, creepy sound. At first I paid no attention to it, as it was not at all an unusual thing. But to my annoyance, instead of abating as it always did, it kept on increasing in violence. For the first time in many weeks a feeling of nervousness seized me. Where did it come from, I wondered, and what did it mean? And as if in answer to my question the sounds drew nearer and nearer. Someone, I discovered, was walking outside my window—on the narrow tin ledge! Immediately my worst fears were realized. Creeping along like a stealthy shadow I beheld a white, shapeless form! Silence! And then a shriek! The voice was Mrs. Howland's! With a bound I sprang from my bed; in a few moments the corridors resounded with my shrieks and yells. At last, after what seemed an eternity of agony I managed to reach the sick room.

With superhuman strength I burst the door open, and beheld a sight which fairly froze my blood. A

young girl, the picture of Richard, was slowly choking Mrs. Howland to death! For the moment I was petrified. Then, realizing the necessity for action, I made a dash for the girl. But I was no match for this creature. It seemed as if she possessed the strength of ten demons, while I was but a poor mortal. For three moments we were locked in a deadly struggle and upon feeling her fingers on my neck I knew that I was lost. Just then a sound of running feet was heard. With one last superhuman effort I raised a cry. I then knew nothing more.

When I returned to consciousness I found Richard and the doctor bending over me. I knew something terrible had happened, but what it was remained a complete mystery to me. A thousand questions rushed to my mind, but try as I might I could not answer them. Finally bewildered at the refusal of my brain to work, I weakly started to cry. A signal passed between both men. Immediately Dr. Grayson left the room and Richard and I remained alone. A moment of silence then followed. I was the first to break it.

"Richard," I murmured, in a troubled voice, "I am waiting. Haven't you anything to tell me?"

"Yes, Elise," he replied, wearily, "I have a great deal to tell you—what do you wish to know first?"

Of a sudden a light flashed through my mind. I knew what I wanted.

"You may begin, Richard," I began, nervously, "by telling me what relationship exists between you and that awful girl."

Immediately I could see the shot reached home. Richard became pale and trembling. However, he arose to the occasion.

"Elise," he exclaimed, in a low, measured voice, "*The girl you saw in my mother's room last night is my sister!*"

For a moment I was stunned. Sister and brother! The world had suddenly become topsy-turvy.

"Do you wish me to continue," Richard asked, relentlessly, "or do you think you've heard enough?"

Incapable of replying for the moment, he interpreted my silence as assent.

"In order to understand last night's occurrence, Elise, I am going to speak of Mary, my sister. From her childhood she has always been queer, but as she grew older her eccentricities became more marked. One day, after she had been more trying than usual, Mother took her to Dr. Braylow, a very famous physician. Physically, he declared, she was perfect, but wishing to prescribe something he suggested a change of climate. By a strange coincidence I had become heir to Huntington Manor just a week before, and as the locality was pleasing we decided to move here.

"The first few weeks of our stay here was perfect. Mary's health had improved immensely and Mother and I were naturally delighted. But it seems as if our joy was premature.

IN THE PRIVATE

"One night as both women were wishing each other 'happy dreams' my sister sprang upon my mother and attempted to choke her. Luckily I happened to be nearby and was able to separate them. My mother, however, never recovered from the shock. In order to prevent another such occurrence we gave my sister a special suite of rooms in the east wing of the house and left her in the care of our butler. This involves another confession on my part. Doubtless you have noticed his resemblance to my mother and to state the truth he is my uncle. Unfortunately, he has been feeble-minded from childhood, and Mother taking pity on him secured a niche for him in our household. However I do not want you to get a wrong impression of him, Elise—he is one of the finest gentlemen living.

"Well, to make a long story short—the night my mother's life was attempted she became seriously ill. Panic-stricken, I could only think of you and it was you who saved her life."

At this point he paused for a few moments. Evidently the worst was yet to come.

"Richard," I called to him, softly, "why didn't you tell me of your sister before—did you think that that could have made any difference in my regard for you?"

Richard must have felt this question coming on; he was fully prepared.

"I admit," he replied, vehemently, "that I was a cad, a rotter, a scoundrel, if you will, for not having told you of her existence—but after all am I to be blamed? I loved you madly from the moment I first laid eyes upon you. Could I tell you that my sister was insane and in the next breath ask you to marry me? Besides, I had hopes that gradually she would recover her health and in that event I meant to tell you all. But from the very beginning it seemed as if Fate conspired against me. Happiness was not to be mine.

"Last night, when I could not sleep for love of you, I decided to walk off my troubles in the garden. After walking for a mile a sudden feeling of dread seized me. Though I could not account for it, I could hardly wait until I got home. No sooner did I get within twenty yards of the house when I heard a terrible shriek. Making a dash for the door I ran upstairs. The rest is too horrible for me to tell—suffice to say I was just in time."

Silence again. The awfulness of the story had so overwhelmed us that for the time being we remained speechless. But even then I was not satisfied.

"And your mother, Richard," I quavered, in an uneasy voice. "How is she?"

"Thank God! Mother has managed to pull through. But what will become of Mary I don't know."

* * * * *

Time settled that question. The first misfortune to mar our happiness (oh, yes, Richard and I are married now) was the death of Mrs. Howland a year after that terrible event. To show the noble nature of

the woman—the moment before her death she made Richard and me promise to keep Mary with us as long as we lived. Of course we would have done this anyway, but Mrs. Howland could not die peacefully until she had exacted this promise from us.

The love that Mary bears my husband is truly wonderful. Whenever he lets her aid him in his work (he is a writer by profession) she is in the seventh heaven of delight. She herself is a person of no mean ability. Already she has collaborated with Richard in writing a book and in the near future she is to write one herself.

Her health has improved, but not very much. Strange though it may sound, she knows when an attack, as she calls it, is coming on. On these occasions she clings pitifully to my husband and hand in hand they walk down the familiar pathway to the little sanitarium which stands on the corner. God grant that this some day will no longer be necessary, but God's will be done and I for one shall not rebel against it.

(Continued from page 44)

porting Polar bears at Coney Island. Less water is consumed in plastering down his hair after Sonny is given his seventh sermon about catching his death of cold. Naturally, one sneeze becomes a conviction that the cold has arrived and a quart of hot milk must be gulped down before retiring. Ma's orders. Birds come and birds go, while the sparrow seems to be a permanent fixture.

Waiters begin to complain of a certain frigidity towards ice cream and girls profess an unusual liking towards cold cream, the argument being that the former freezes the chops, while the latter keeps away the chaps. During this period chestnuts and hot chocolate become the chief diet.

And then Ecksma's. Santa Claus sells his reindeer to the Eskimos and comes dropping gifts on our heads from his aeroplane. The old custom of suspending footwear near the chimney to be furnished is today being rapidly abandoned. Girls get wise to the fact that it doesn't pay to hang up an \$8 pair of silk stockings at the risk of having them torn by too excessive an encumbrance.

The frost makes fancy figures on the windows and we make fancy figures on the ice and check books. Halos of breath encircle our domes while our icicled beards defy all our combs. Poetry. With this period superfluous adjectives come into use, adjectives we could practically do away with cold; frozen, icy. A merry, etc., and a happy, etc.

We don't eat strawberries to the continual accompaniment of coal tobogganing down the chute. People visit the art galleries to keep warm, and it suddenly dawns upon you why people internationally violate the law. Lawn parties become ancient history, Ruth St. Dennis cohorts exercise indoors and the world reverts to its yearly matin madrigal in blaspheming the alarm clock.

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5. America's military Commander-in-Chief at the war front, General Pershing—a member of the Nebraska bar.
6. The indicator of legal methods, Attorney General Gregory—lawyer.
7. The chief of the State Department, Secretary of State Robert Lansing—lawyer.
8. The raiser of billions of dollars necessary to fight the war, Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo—lawyer.
9. The chief executive of the Shipping Board, with its nearly five billions of new tonnage, Chairman John Burton Payne—lawyer, and who was General Counsel for the Railroad Administration throughout the war.
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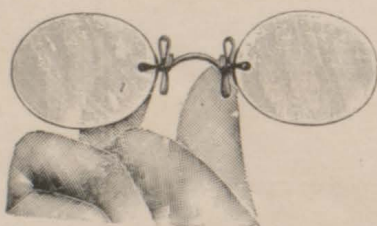
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